

CAVALCADE

Illustrations by *WILLIAM E. WATSON*
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**WICKEDEST WOMAN
IN ROME** — Page 4

**ASSISTANT OF
DEATH** — Page 12



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Cavalcade

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DAVID HILLS



Wickedest woman in Rome

Most notorious and abandoned of all the seductive, remorseless temptresses of ancient Rome was the Empress Messalina.

THE tall figure on the stage came forward to receive the applause as it rose thickly from every section of the theatre.

As he stepped forward the actor removed his mask, disclosing a superbly handsome face as magnificent as a sculptured head of a god.

Over on the imperial box, a girl sat looking intently at him.

About the girl's head there was set a small crown, through which were threaded ears of corn—the mark of dedication of a Roman empress to the golden Corn.

The girl leaned forward, her breath coming more quickly as she looked down at the figure on the stage.

The girl had the fierce, savage look of a tigress. Her lips were thin and

dry. The pallid skin of her cheeks was flushed with sudden excitement. Her burning, black eyes told of blood that took little to arouse.

She leaned forward eagerly towards the actor, and there was a sudden gleam of desire in her eyes.

She turned quickly to the figure beside her. "Kiss," she said, "a word with you."

It was the figure of a manster rather than that of a man—tall and thin and pet with a pot-belly, legs of paper-thin thickness that shook uncontrollably every now and then with the trembling of a pant panyon, hair completely white although that of a man of scarcely middle age.

He sat upright, and his head bobbed grotesquely on his thin neck as he asked: He muttered, "Y-y-yes, my love—what would you of y-you Claudius?"

The girl looked down again at the stage, and as the actor walked up at the royal box she sucked in a sudden breath.

She heard, "He must perform at the palace . . ."

The man beside her looked down at the stage.

He muttered, "Wh-what? Messalina? Why, of course, she has — of course."

He wobbled his head about to look at the girl more closely, and a cunning grin suddenly appeared on his weak face. He let out a high chuckling laugh. He whispered, "H-h-by the gods — has he mentioned the emperor among his conquests, also?"

The girl turned her savage gaze on the stuttering man. Her thin lips had become one narrow line of sympathy. She heard, "I am not compared—I cannot . . . But what I want, that I will have."

The man let out his chuckling laugh again. He muttered, "W-what a young figure it is . . . I-I do believe

she could show a man to death."

Two weeks later the pot-bellied man, with the wobbling head slumped along through the halls of the palace on his spider-like thin legs.

Suddenly the girl who had sat beside him in the royal box in the theatre stepped out before him.

Her hands and neck sparkled with jewels. Her hair was piled up high above her head in a costly and beautiful coiffure. Her lips and cheeks were painted and rouged elaborately, and thick mascara accentuated the glaze of her eyes.

Her gown was costly, but flimsy and almost seductively revealing. Jeweled slippers glittered upon her feet.

The girl's open flushed vehemence, showed fire. She pushed her head towards him, bent on her left, she said, eagerly, "That—that actor—he tempted me and spurred my friendship—no, the emperor—"

The pot-bellied man goggled at her. He muttered, "W-why, my dear — how dare he . . ."

She swung against his ear, "You are the emperor—you are Claudius—let this—the actor—that the will of the emperor is as much law as that of her husband, the emperor . . ."

The pot-bellied man straightened up, and then the loose folds of the toga about him in an instant at his command. He muttered, "Y-y-yes, my love—let us show the fellow our weakness — the weakness of other of us — how dare—"

The girl took the pot-bellied man's arm, a glaze of victory in her eyes.

The man shuffled across to the rooms towards which the girl led him.

As they entered, the figure of the tall, handsome actor turned to face them. He bowed low at the sight of the spider-legged man.

The empress—looking cross-eyed

stared, breathlessly at the water. He remained in a high voice. "Monsieur-pape may be used to p-popping the 5-foot on the stick, but I advise you to do so no longer here. I command you to serve your supper on this water."

The water started at the girl, sudden shock in his eyes. Then slowly all the expression went out of his face, and once again he bowed low.

He said in a stony voice, "As you command, my lord!" He bowed, expressionless eyes to the girl. He said faintly, "As you and—my lady—command . . ."

The case of the girl afflicted with an almost cancerous gleam of victory—a gleam mixed with the flame of shame.

And so Messalina, most advanced and profitable of all Roman empresses, had swooped down . . .

Dead when she was only twenty-five years old, Messalina, packed more infamy into her short life than thousands of other profligate women who lived twice that time.

It would be impossible, however, for any woman to have lived out in one lifetime all the advances and unusual acts attributed to her.

Messalina lived, of course, many careers except both the worst and ruin of her day. Chief amongst these was Agrippina the Younger, the mother of the emperor who followed Claudius to the throne, the infamous Nero.

Agrippina's memoirs contained a number of bitter and delicious references to Messalina. It is believed it was from these that Juvenal, years later, gained the material for the shocking stories he relates concerning the wife of Claudius.

One of these stories of Juvenal's states that Messalina's last and avowed was such that she improperly disguised herself, entered the bath of a

public brothel under the name of Lyones, and greedily gobbled the food she received.

This story seems a little hard to swallow, although some historians consider that it is consistent with the life of Messalina as recorded by other historians of that day.

Prominent amongst these writers was Tacitus. Although born some six or seven years after the death of Messalina, he made very keen inquiries into her life.

True it is that Tacitus gives record of perhaps the most infamous, and certainly the most advanced, of all Messalina's personal conquests—her marriage "marriage" with the youth, Gaius Silius, while her emperor husband Claudius was absent in Gaul.

Gaius Silius is described by Tacitus as "the handsomest of the Roman youth." The old historian states that Messalina was an "reluctantly concealed" of him that she made him divorce his wife, Julia Silens, for him.

Messalina discovered this upon the young patrician, and consequently, the rapid retinue was sent day after day drawn up outside the house of Silius.

Of course, she was merely following the example of many of the empresses in Rome on less colorful stunts was marriage partner and taking another. But for a woman to do it—and to do it to an imperial Caesar, however weak and feeble-witted he may have been—was an extremely difficult thing otherwise.

Messalina, however, went ahead with her plan. She celebrated the illicit coupling in full sight of all.

The "marriage" went through, but almost immediately Messalina, a fearless courtesan taking two women with him who had witnessed the affair, headed off at once to Ostia to take the next to the emperor.

Claudius was no fighting Caesar—in his, there was none of the indomitable

steele of famed Julius or Augustus.

His marriage with Messalina—when he was forty-eight and she but sixteen—was his third. Suetonius wrote of him that he was "immadure in his passion for women." It was probably such dalliance that kept him more or less uninterested with the profligacy of his wife.

However, this time Messalina had roused even the weakly-drawing blood of her husband. He returned post-haste to Rome.

It was the time of celebration of the golden-anniversary of Messalina—over ready to serve upon such occasions her barely veiled—was, with the help of Silius, leading a riotous bacchanal in the grounds of the palace.

But Claudius had steadily come—for once with the power and fury of one of the fighting Caesars. He was already wearing his soldiers' sword with the blood of past lovers of Messalina.

Directed by all, the emperor hid

in the gardens of the palace, having that night birth his two children, Cotenna and Britannicus, and also Tibullus, the eldest of the Verial Virgins, to please his lady.

But Britannicus—finding that Messalina might women her way back into the emperor's good graces and make things hot for himself—went soldiers to the gardens. They slew Messalina in the very arms of her mother.

Claudius was at a feast when he was told of her death. It is said that he received the news by merely sipping for another cup of wine . . .

She wore a crown about her head that showed the mark of her dalliance as the golden Ceres—the goddess of corn and harvest.

It would have been more fitting if she had worn the crown of Venus, the goddess of love.

And it would have been more fitting still if that crown had been placed a pair of horns. If ever there lived a she-devil in human form, it was Messalina, Empress of Rome.



Philly Jay

Blackmarket in Bodies



Bodily organs used profuse as fresh cadavers. Once they were only obtainable from professional body-smiths.

A PART from the terrible spiritual struggles undergone by surgeons in the path of duty, in trying to avoid having it shown with the bleeding hearts of adoring women and glamorous patients, one of their greatest problems has always been to procure enough "subjects" for dissection.

Sometimes a certain stability of supply of bodies exists, but in the hectic days of the beginning of the nineteenth century the dissecting supplybook carried bloody stains of murder and violence.

Until the passing of the Anatomical

Act of 1832, the only "subjects" available for dissection in medical schools were the bodies of those who had paid the death penalty. Members of the College of Surgeons of Scotland, England and Ireland were compelled by law to dissect these bodies as part of the penalty paid by the felon.

Friends of the criminals viewed the operations of the dissectors with an extended eye; hanging was dignified and "legal-like"—"dissection by doctor" was not only undignified, but revolting. Revenge was frequent.

The situation worsened as the cen-

es of the "body-smiths" and the "re-anatomists."

The cycle of "watching" actually began about 1810, but it did not have the spotlight thrown on it until the first decades of the eighteenth century.

The awful story of Ellen Treves and John Widd, who were hanged for selling bodies, is typical of what was happening in this murky period of medical history.

At their trial, it was revealed that they met a poor woman and her child and offered her to their home for shelter. While one placed her with liquor, the other carried the boy to another room and suffocated him. The boy was sold to students for two shillings, usually, when the murder was discovered and the two body-sellers hanged, they themselves suffered the doom of dissection.

In 1771, the gravedigger and his assistant of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, were convicted of stealing bodies. Each was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to be whipped on his bare back twice during his journey from Newgate Street to St. Giles, a distance of half a mile. This sentence was carried out amidst crowds of jeering spectators.

Body-smithing became big news. The public imagination let itself go with all sorts of fantastic horror-filled inventions. Heavy iron cages were placed over coffins. Watchmen sat up at night beside watch-dogs, and took all sorts of precautions to prevent their desecration.

The "Re-anatomists" were a tough lot; but their revolt descended on co-operating from so-called respectable undertakers, sextons and gravediggers. Each of these received their slice-off from the takings.

The gangs became organized. One of the most famous gangs was led by a man named Andrew Morrison, or

name Donnelly, "Marry Andrew." He lived near a graveyard, drank 18 glasses of raw whisky daily and got subjects as cheap as "ponny pie."

The building connected in housing the private history of persons dying in cheap lodging houses and impersonating their relatives during their last moments. The landlord was usually relieved for the corpse to be taken away.

A Irish minister then staged a pious funeral, and the processions would miserably head for some cemetery in the country—the real destination being the Edinburgh dissecting rooms.

"Marry Andrew" turned it on properly—he even stole the hanged body of his sister when priests were at their top level.

Increase in the demand for bodies gave the body-smiths the impetus to double in higher still—sneak and snipe business on a wide scale. Headquarters of the gangs were located in Dublin, and the main storehouse depot was the Anatomy School of the Royal College of Surgeons—with the convenience of well-paid doctors on the College staff.

The hit-man in the business was a retired naval surgeon named Wilson Row, who employed gangs of "Re-anatomists" to rob city and suburban graveyards. He also supervised the export trade and had some interestingly labelled "pieces," "bodies," and so forth.

Sometimes there was a slip-up in the arrangements. A corpse arrived at Glasgow, during January, 1851, addressed to a butcher who refused to take delivery because the freight was over £3. The consignment was supposed to contain cotton and linen bags.

The crates lay in the port sheds for some time until the clerk stirred officials to action. The costs were

**DOLLAR SIGNS DO NOT
(ALWAYS) APPLY**

Sing a song of suspense,
A pocket full of eye—
A heart that's full of sorrow,
A throat that goes a my
And whee! whee! off the scene,
And why, pooh, do you cry?
Well, (think!) A song of sus-
pense!
And what will suspense buy?

found to contain the paired bodies of men, women and children, consigned from the Dublin operation. The butcher removed his silver knives after he had rejected the freight.

Gang was broke out in Dublin, which resulted in a disruption in the supply of bodies to the Dublin Trinity College. The land also drew unlike attention to the operations of the body-catchers. A public fund was started to pay "a sufficient number of men to guard the corpses of our poor fellow citizens."

Paul Han was away ahead of the new public-spirited society. He assumed for his undertaker men to take on the job of "watchers." The blacksmith in bodies continued to show even better things.

Round about 1836, Edinburgh University received the death of its first as a medical centre, and the John Barclay appointed a brilliant surgeon named Robert Knox as Professor of Anatomy.

All four Knox boasted that he "always had a well-laid table," but he

found it tougher and tougher to get a sufficient supply of bodies. Then on December 23, 1831, he was introduced to the most famous body-catchers of the period—William Burke and William Hare.

They went into the houses when one of his lodgers house became "hot into him" for four pounds rent and then suddenly died. The wife of the body-catcher had nearly eight pounds. The profit, carried opened the door for him and his partner to tread the path of crime—or what they thought was an easy way to wealth.

Then technique was made. Friend-looking strangers were accepted and invited to spend the night at Hare's lodging house. These they were given some bathed dynamite and silently suffocated.

The authorities then carried the bodies to the dissecting rooms, where Dr. Knox, "being a man of discretion, asked no questions."

The seats of students topped 15 before the partners became careless and gave their show away. On December 24, 1832, they were brought to trial and charged with murder.

Both pleaded not guilty, but Hare, who was the driver of the room, turned King's evidence. On Christmas morning, December 25, 1832, Burke was found guilty.

A crowd gathered attended the public hearing and demanded the execution of both Hare and Dr. Knox as well. High noon were paid for men and the crowd roared heavily as Burke went to the gallows.

After the execution of Burke's angry wife burned dancing rooms in Glasgow and Edinburgh and other parts of the country. A public inquiry was demanded into the activities of Dr. Knox. It was claimed on his behalf that the bodies he bought were friends of the watchmen. This didn't satisfy the mob, they at-

tacked his house. Knox escaped and fled to London where he died in poverty 33 years later.

The prevailing conditions of the trial of Burke brought into focus the need for revision of the laws regarding the supply of "subjects" for dissection in medical schools.

Recommendations were made to adopt the French practice of allowing members of the poor and paupers of hospitals to supply for dissection bodies of persons who were not claimed by relatives.

The House of Lords rejected the bill on the grounds that the treatment was unfair to the poor. Meanwhile another outbreak of body-snatching broke out in London.

The two top members of this snatching hierarchy were John Bishop and Thomas Williams. Operating in

suburban cemeteries in London, their most topped 300 bodies over a 12-year period.

Their methods were as crude as those of their Scottish counterparts. When bodies were scarce, they played the game of murder to keep up profits. They were convicted and executed in 1831.

On December 15, 1832, an Act was passed "for regulating schools of Anatomy." All secret sources of supply were cut out and "subjects" for dissection were made available by legal means, persons having custody of dead bodies were permitted to send them to medical schools.

This is the stage that supply of "subjects" has reached to-day; body-snatching has been replaced in the criminal index by robbery, more lucrative and less grotesque.



Who was this stranger masquerading as a doctor who claimed that old people were useless and must die?

BILL DELANY



Assistant of Death

IF there was nothing else about the man to attract attention, his dress was, to say the least, eccentric. He wore a leather jacket, through the belt of which was stuck an unsheathed knife, leather leggings, a white hat and a beard that, though dark, was carefully trimmed. Yet, in spite of this spectacular garb, he moved through the swanky New

York hotel with supreme dignity.

His advent, like his rest, was dramatic. But those who saw him, that day in June, 1934, did not realize that this was their first glimpse of a man who in less than a year would blunder, even proudly, acknowledge himself as a multiple murderer.

But first, he would establish himself as a good spender, and intrigu-

erize of wild beasts—and a man of mystery. He was, he declared, a man with a mission. He did not, then, add that his mission was murder.

Within a month, he was gone.

In the following February, the District Attorney allowed questioningly at a detective.

"What," he asked, "has been the death rate of the Institution until recently?"

The detective estimated that perhaps one death each month would have been a liberal estimate.

"And now . . . sometime in January," asked the District Attorney. "You say there are children, also, in the place?"

"Yes. But none has died. Each of the 17 has been an aged person."

"Who is in charge of the Institution?"

"That's the peculiar part about it. When I investigated, I asked for a list of the staff. There is a superintendent and a medical staff—but the king-pin seemed to be a fellow named More. However, I'd say he has a big black beard."

"Found out something about this fellow More," said the District Attorney. "Find out how he came to get a job in the place, investigate his past."

The detective came back with the information that More had introduced himself to the authorities of the Institution—a famous New York mental asylum—as a graduate of a large hospital in Europe. Incidentally, they accepted his story and he became known as "Doctor More."

The detective discovered two more facts that the "doctor" was the same man who, a few months before, had made such a deep impression as those who frequented a well-known New York hotel; and that he had been sent to the Institution by an employment agency—as a porter.

A cable sent to the European hospital brought a reply that it had never employed a Doctor More. Moreover, further investigation of the Institution indicated that the situation differed here. Some of them, at first, had already written to relatives asking to be taken from the Institution.

"Why?" asked the detective.

Because he lost his temper with them. Because he stared kindly at them. Because—he had almost invariably been the last person to see the man or woman who had died.

The detective went back to the hotel where More had made his spectacular entrance.

"What was the man's name of More's connection with you?" he asked the hotelier.

There hadn't been one . . . but would . . . he had mentioned that he had come to America to carry out a mission. He'd looked a bit queer as he'd said it.

The detective made his next call the chemist who filled the prescriptions asked for by the hospital. The chemist remembered Dr. More well. It had struck him as a little peculiar that the doctor had ordered a great deal of chloroform.

The District Attorney listened to the detective's report and ordered direct action. They would search Doctor More's belongings at the Institution. . . .

There, they found enough poison and chloroform to last a doctor-staff hospital a full week. Why was it there? It was only rarely that the Institution's authorities were called upon to operate.

The time had come to talk to Dr. More. He greeted the detectives easily and willingly agreed to visit the office of the District Attorney.

Seated in the District Attorney's office, he asked for a sign. Each

An eight-year-old can have anyone. He told his parents that the boy next door had punched him. His father said "If he hits you again, you let him back." Soon after he came running to again and announced "He's saying now." Replied his father "That's right, always let them back when they have a go at you, son." The boy replied reasonably "Oh, he didn't hit me again, but I thought he might have done, so I let him back first."

hounded detectives carried out his request.

"Did you tell any of the old people at the Institution?" he was then asked.

"Doctor Moss" nodded and smiled. "Of course," he said. "You've been asking me only questions. Why didn't you ask me that in the first place? Of course I talked them—at least some."

His statement was made simply, calmly. He looked at them from benign eyes. The detectives stared back at him, flabbergasted and shocked.

"But why? They were only poor, old people."

"That is why. They were old. People shouldn't be allowed to live to an old age. They are a nuisance, old people. They want things. They wanted things when I was large. They asked for more blankets at night . . . Or more food. Old people are bothersome. So I killed some of them."

"How did you kill them?"

"I went to their rooms when they were asleep and gave them an overdose of chloroform until they died. They didn't struggle much."

So the examination continued. The haggard doctor met their questions directly and volubly. Throughout, the haggard smile never left his face. He told them that within a few months he would have killed every old person in the Institution.

This, then, had been the mission of the hearted man who had so greatly impressed the people at one of New York's largest hotels?

They sent him to the psychopathic ward of a New York hospital. There, one day, he looked out on to the yard where many old people were resting in the sun.

"It's a pity," he said. "I could fix them up . . . all of them . . . in a

week and without any pain or fuss."

Meanwhile, the 66-year-old "Doctor Moss" in the department of the District Attorney was becoming thicker. His real name was Frederick Monette. Born of humble parents in Virginia, he had proved a hopeless failure at school. He had been in trouble with the police once or twice, but his offenses had been trivial.

It was obvious now that Moss (or Monette) was not born to an aptitude, he became a model and trusted prisoner. He created not the slightest trouble, and only lost his cheerfulness when authorities refused his request that he be allowed to help nurse ailing inmates.

He pointed out that, as an humanitarian, he could be of great service to a hospital understaffed, and would do his

utmost to ease the burdens of patients—particularly aged sufferers.

He could never quite understand why his offer was not accepted.

Then, one day, Moss (or Monette) disappeared. He had not seemed disturbed with the treatment he'd been receiving. In fact, he had expressed contentment at his enforced way of living.

Nevertheless, he one day made an escape from the asylum. And in spite of one of the most intensive man-hunts in American history, he was never recaptured.

"Doctor Moss" was only 36 when, in 1915, he brought permanent silence to aged sufferers.

If he is alive he would be over 60 years of age now. He would, in fact, be himself an old man.

requests were to become question marks in the story he told them. At first, it appeared that he would not be co-operative in answering their questions.

"Did he ever attended a University?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where?"

"In Europe."

"Which University?"

"He was afraid he could not tell them."

"Hospital experience?"

"A few months."

"Where?"

"He refused to tell them."

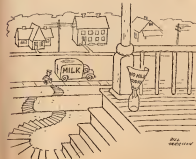
"What was his real name?"

"Did that matter?"

"Why had he come to America?"

"That didn't matter, either."

The man with the beard asked for a bottle of wine. When they refused his request, he smiled at them and became silent. They brought him the wine, and he asked them to bring it to room temperature. He sat, bearded and smiling, until the



Don
Whitely artist

Peril in the WHITE SOUTH



ARTHUR SCHOLLS

A member of the party that established the official weather station on Heard Island carries Australian exploration of the Antarctic.

AT that moment a group of ten barely seen at the Australian Antarctic Weather Station at Heard Island, 1,600 miles southwest of Fremantle, face a deadly future, full of anxiety, and despair for the loss of two of their number.

It was announced recently by the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Casey, that two members of the expedition had perished on a survey journey from their base at Aden Cove.

One of the men was washed off to sea by heavy waves; another man fell down a crevasse and was never seen again; the third member of the party staggered back into camp, frost-bitten and suffering from exhaustion.

This was the first tragedy to occur at the Heard Island base since it was established by George Captain Stuart Campbell's expedition in December, 1937.

Antarctic exploration always has had its price. Australians have been prominently connected with it, since the first expeditions sailed south at the end of last century.

A Melbourne business man, John Henry Dull, organized the first Antarctic expedition, in 1931, to the Australian Antarctic Territory. Dull used a ship-whaler named "Antarctic."

Dull's party was the first to land on the Antarctic continent. They set foot at Cape Aden, on the western edge of the Ross Sea. On the return journey the vessel was trapped in the pack-ice and nearly lost the crew. Only after an unexpected rise in temperature did the ice break up into chunks, and enable the "Antarctic" to make her way into the open sea.

The second expedition to Antarctica also had a good Australian element. It was led by C. E. Morschgrau, a Norwegian-Australian who had been a specialist with Dull's party.

Morschgrau, financed by the well-known British publisher, Sir George Newnes, sailed south in the "Southern Cross." They anchored at Cape Aden, where a pre-club hut was taken ashore and assembled. Here two men camped to spend the first winter in the Antarctic.

Until then, no one knew how cold the Antarctic winter was. Morschgrau found it was 48 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, or 33 degrees of frost in mid-winter, at his base camp.

His men suffered dreadful privations. One man, a Norwegian scientist, died before the end of the winter. His body was taken to the peak of the nearby cliffs, and buried under the ice. Others went to their beds with frost-bite, malnutrition, and exhaustion.

In the depth of winter the men were marooned in their hut. Edmunds two or three times a week, constant pain, and phenomenally low temper-

natures, kept the men in their beds. All of them suffered from stomach complaints.

But when the first rays of the sunny sun were seen in a mid-September day, the men were out and about to welcome the stranger in a week, exploration parties were sledging round the peninsula, and attempting to drive over the mountains to the interior of the unknown continent.

Morschgrau's party welcomed the 25th century with a special celebration—fired pyrotechnic fireworks and sent streaks for all hands.

When the relief ship arrived, the men had spent 13 months out off from the world—for there was no radio in those days.

It was only then that they heard the Bear war had broken out in South Africa.

The Australian story that thrilled the world was that of Sir Douglas Mawson's 1911-12 expedition to the Antarctic. The highlight was Mawson's solitary journey back to his Cape Denison base on King George V Land, after the deaths during a sledge journey for missing passengers, of two members of the expedition—Lieut. D. E. S. Munn and Dr. M. Menzies.

Munn disappeared without a sound into a crevasse, with a sledge carrying the greater part of the supplies and equipment. Then Menzies died of exhaustion and privation.

Mawson, left alone, succeeded in struggling back to Cape Denison. During the awesome, lonely journey, he was forced to eat all his dogs, to cut his sledges in half, and to endure agonies frostbite.

The deaths of his two companions delayed his return to the base camp, as a result of which he and five others had to spend another year in Antarctica, waiting for the relief ship, "Aurora."

FROM the United States comes a tale concerning a harpoon gangster who rushed into a saloon shouting right and left, and shouting: "All you dirty skunks get outta here." There was a general scattering and everyone fled except one skinny little character who sat respectfully on a stool at the bar. "Well," growled the gangster, waving his gun. "Well," said the other, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

At Heard Island new it is the coldest time of the year. The snow will be banked high to the roofs of the small cluster of huts that make up the scientific station, 500 yards up the beach from Atlas Cove.

There is only four hours good daylight at the most. Actually in 1935, when the first expedition was wintering on the island, we did not see the sun for five weeks.

In 1934, winter exploration of the interior of Heard Island was abandoned, due to the poor light, and treacherous conditions of the glaciers. At Macquarie Island, where another expedition party had been sent, they were not so unfortun and tragically followed. Their engineer fell through the ice surface of an interior lake, and was drowned.

In the summer of 1936-7, I was for a time attached to the staff of the Royal Research Ship, Discovery II. The vessel was doing whale investigation work for the Commonwealth Government in the region of the Australian Antarctic Territory.

We were about 50 miles south of Heard Island when we heard the radio news that disaster had befallen the joint British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition working in Queen Maud Land.

Three men were drowned when a "rescue" or snow-vehicle, was lost in a summer fog and driven over the edge of the glacier, into the sea.

In the Antarctic there is no commercial wealth, only the wholeness remaining round the edge of the ice peak. However, there is a world of scientific wealth.

At Heard Island, scientists winter; their research have been kept for four years. Investigations have been made into the mysteries of cosmic rays, and the island had been plotted and mapped, both geographically and geologically.

To accomplish this, young men have shut themselves off from civilization for 15 months at a time. They have suffered from cold and famine conditions that make this the wildest corner of the globe.

At Heard Island, the Australian Antarctic Expedition has built up a hard core of trained explorers, who will be used later for exploration of the Antarctic mainland.

The Australian Antarctic Territory is an area of land the size of Asia, minus itself. Except for Mawson's expedition, and the recent journey of a French party to Adie Land, the vast interior of the country is unknown.

At Heard Island, the party will not be relieved for quite some time. The loss of the two men will be hard to bear. In an expedition camp you live so close to your companions that you know each other better than you know yourselves.

The sight of two empty beds in the sleeping huts, the absence of familiar faces at the mess table, will

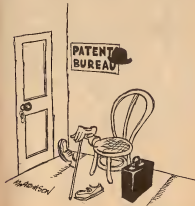
be memories that will haunt the others in the party for the rest of their stay on the island.

When these men return to their homes, they will have lived an experience they will remember for the rest of their lives. No finer tribute could be paid to those lost at Heard Island than the epitaph which was erected by Sir Douglas Mawson, near the graves of Nansen and Davis, at Cape Evanson: "They died in the name of Science"—a simple statement,

but it means a million services.

In the years to come, a weather station will be established at the South Pole itself. It will be manned throughout the frightful winter, when the temperature on the polar plateau drops to 90 below zero.

While there is still a part of the world left to explore, there will always be men who want to go there. It is to such men as these that we owe much of our scientific progress and knowledge of today.



Revenge on a King



A fourteenth century monarch with a preference devised a scheme to steal England's Crown Jewels.

SPENCER LOOMING

CLONEL BLOODE's necklace that of the English Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, in the year 1213, has a prominent place in English history books.

But little or nothing is heard, or even known, of a previous theft of the King of England's treasury on a point scale. It took place in the year 1200.

The chief jewel-thief on this occasion was Richard Puffcott, a clerk who became a merchant of the City of London.

Edward I, known as "Longshanks," was England's king at the time. His

monarch was great in more senses than one. Tall and broad-shouldered, he was second perhaps only to King Alfred the Great as a great legislator and administrator during the seven centuries or so of English rule before Good Queen Bess arrived.

But King Edward I had his faults—and his interests. He contracted a lot of debts in Flanders, so many that that country began to take varied English merchandise as security for the King's debts. Richard Puffcott was one of them.

In 1200, Puffcott visited Ghent and Bruges, where he dealt in wool—then a profitable and very profitable English export. He was seized as a hostage.

He managed to escape eventually from the Flemish prison; but he was forced to leave all his wares behind him. That made him a man with a grudge against his king.

Swearing vengeance, Richard Puffcott disguised himself, took a boat for England, and found his way back to London, where to consider and decide what to do.

In those Plantagenet days, there were plenty of rogues about, ever ready to cut a throat or loot a shop in return for a consideration.

Richard Puffcott began by knocking petitions round the City of London and near the Palace of Westminster. They were petitions to the King. In this way he aroused a lot of eager second-hand disgruntled citizens, and made many contacts with promising rogues.

At this stage in our story, it should be explained that Richard Puffcott later wrote down his own account of what happened on the evening of April 21, 1200. But that account is so obviously a Party-boy attempt to cast the limelight upon himself that much of it must be discarded.

However, the plot that that he conceived with accomplices centered

what must be the greatest jewel robbery in history, cannot be denied.

King Edward's main storehouse of royal treasure was the crypt under the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey.

Richard Puffcott knew this, and a snipe plan grew in the growing haze in his mind. He decided the chests of royal treasure should be his target for revenge on his king.

The only entrance to the crypt was from the Abbey itself, close to the treasury. According to Puffcott's account, he burrowed through the walls of the Abbey.

Anyway, somehow the vengeful Richard got into the crypt—and got out again, apparently unharmed, and with unbelievable treasure.

Richard Puffcott stated that he remained in that crypt for some 24 hours, until the morning of April 21. He stated that he did the robbery alone.

Writing about this extraordinary medieval jewel thief some years ago, the Antislavery-born historian, Mr. Philip Lindsay, said that Puffcott's statement that it was a one-man job was probably absurd, and that appears to be the case.

All the local rogues, and certainly the Abbey monks must have been in the know to say the very least.

Richard Puffcott said that he took a splendid haul of glittering jewels away with him, much of which he dropped on the way to his home. That, again, was obviously untrue. So much jewellery was removed from the Abbey that one man alone could not have carried it.

It appears that after the robbery, the thieves went home. They cut much of the King's treasure all over the place.

A fisherman working in the Thames at Westminster at the moonlight

AND A ONE-PIECE FOR ME, PLEASE!

A wife, to urge a man to comfort,
(Wishing to be proud of him!)
Thinks that he should dress to please her
Femininely fickle when
Urges he ignore the modems,
Distance that he dress with taste,
Shows his loose ideas of comfort,
Likes him to look well dressed—
Says a three-piece suit's essential,
His dreams of comfort on the shelf,
He's then surprised to find the surprise
In a two-piece suit herself!

handed up a solid silver goblet. Plate and jewels were found by possum-by as St. Margaret's Churchwarden, Westminster. Savage came, which proved to be the King's property, appeared in the stalls of merchants in London, and as far north as York.

A gay and beautiful lady named Roscoe flashed a jewelled ring before admiring male friends, and said that it was a present from her friend Adam, the abbot at Westminster Abbey.

The thieves threw other pearls into the laps of pretty ladies, and spent only as to the barrels of wine-shops.

The booty went anywhere, and seemingly showed everywhere, for there were huge stores of royal treasure.

Soon King Edward was notified of his loss. He remained calm, and did not allow his better judgment to be clouded by anger. That was the

way with Edward, called Longshanks.

Always the legal king, and a shaker for formality, His Majesty set up a special commission of inquiry.

The crypt was examined, witnesses were called, and a nationwide search for the property was made.

Some of the King's treasure was found beneath the beds of the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster and his assistant. Other jewels were discovered in the rooms of Adam the abbot, the monks, and their servants.

And, of course, they made a goodly haul of the stolen property in the home of Richard Pulfroth himself, and from his wife, Joan Pford.

By this time many citizens had become alarmed at being the unwitting recipients of stolen goods—and Royal treasure at that. They were afraid of the King's wrath, and of possible consequences. They hastened to return the jewels which

back or else had sent their way. In fact, nearly all the King's treasure was ultimately restored. Very little was lost.

Then came wholesale arrests, including the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster, the abbot and 40 monks of the Abbey, Adam the abbot, and the star performer, Richard Pulfroth.

Then King Edward set the hall on fire by hanging the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster and five others. Interestingly, like a bolt out of the blue, came Pulfroth's "wonderment." He took all the blame.

The affair drifted on for about two years. Then the King grew impatient. He had Richard Pulfroth (on his own confession) and Adam the abbot hanged.

Shortly before the rope had sent Richard to eternity, King Edward made a firm and prompt decision. In future he would keep his regalia, Crown jewels, and other personal treasure in a safer place than the crypt of Westminster Abbey.

Accordingly, they were removed to the Tower of London, where the Royal regalia and Crown jewels still remain, except when needed for the

coronation of a royal ruler of England.

The Crown Jewels of King Edward IV's day are not those which, His Majesty Queen Elizabeth II possesses—except the scepter and perhaps the ampulla, used for anointment.

Most of the present regalia and Crown Jewels are those made for King Charles II at his coronation. Sir Robert Vyner, the court jeweler, almost completely reconstructed the old regalia, most of which Oliver Cromwell had disposed of after the beheading of King Charles I.

Colonel Blood's daring escapade soon followed; but the treasure wasn't lost on that occasion. That important robbery in May, 1671, has now replaced Richard Pulfroth's precious treasure on the precious treasure of a great King of England.

Pulfroth's fate must have caused a colossal sensation at the time, but here there's a lot of things . . .

At any rate the clerk-magician who lost his wool in London provided a very good reason why the British Museum's regalia and jewels should be kept, and closely guarded by Thomas of the Guard, in their safe between towers in the Tower of London.



Eight undisciplined warriors descended on the beach at Waikiki and challenged six hundred invaders named them.

LESTER WAY



Crimson undertow

THE beach of Waikiki has golden sand, water as blue as the tropic sky, foam that sparkles like luminous bubbles of champagne. . . . You know the story; you've read it all in travel advertisements.

It also has a history. It was Hawaii as its own right long before a tourist enterprise grabbed it, fenced it in, and made it almost into a backyard for the luxury hotels.

There were people there long before the first missionaries came, people who now feature in picturesque groups against a back-drop

of palms, people to whom Waikiki meant something very special.

And you know about these people, of course. The girls are beautiful, the men are large, they strain Waikiki and sing and smile, while the tourist masses loitered idly.

A sleepy, languorous place, a lazy, kindly people, people who always had it easy, who never knew strife, who only laugh and sing and dance and make love. If you don't believe it, read the advertisements again. If you're a millionaire, look it at one of the hotels and see for yourself.

Waikiki is on the island of Oahu. There is Diamond Head at one end, a landmark standing up like a glowing pyramid. Behind the beach, beyond the parklands, are the hills they call the Punch Bowl nowadays. They form a valley that used to be a stream of tropic delight, cool and shady, and very lovely. For centuries that valley was the favorite playground of Oahu's kings.

In the early spring of 1813, King Kamehameha was relaxing in the valley, surprised no doubt by golden-haired tourists. Affairs of state were far from his thoughts, so the royal king of Maui Island was able to lead a powerful force of warriors without opposition.

The invaders landed on Waikiki, and they stood at total conquest. The alien king had laid his plan over a number of years, had prepared for the invasion carefully, putting Kamehameha off his guard. He reached over the sea from his island, and occupied the entire length of Waikiki, right up to the foot of Diamond Head.

He deployed an hundred of his most trusted warriors and chiefs at the base of Diamond Head.

And there was a reason for that. There were very special reasons why Waikiki Beach had been chosen as the point of attack. The beach was sacred. It was sacred because, at the base of Diamond Head, stood the most important temple in all the islands.

The king who possessed it had Hawaii's most potent gods on his side and an owner who departed that king's authority knew he was fighting against his own drinking gods. So the invader secured the sacred beach, and placed his elite troops to hold the temple.

Over the hills, in the lush valley, Kamehameha took himself from the

soft cushions that held him, and sent such runners to summon his chiefs and warriors. Very quickly, he had a band of fighting men dressed hasty and the invaders had not yet attempted to leave the beach.

From the rim of the Punch Bowl, the Oahu men looked down on Waikiki. Even then, with some rain separating them from the enemy, they were brave, ready to surrender.

Not only was their sacred beach occupied, not only was the chief temple of all Hawaii in the hands of the invaders, but the Maui king had landed an overpowering force.

Leading the gods out of it, the odds were three-to-one against Oahu, and they couldn't leave the gods out of it. The odds, also, were against them.

It was late afternoon. The shadows were lengthening, and they needed daylight to fight with spears, paddles and clubs. They stood arm-in-arm.

Only, there were eight who were not arm-in-arm, eight warriors whose fame had spread throughout the native group. Each had thrown himself, time and again, against impossible odds, and had come off victorious, each had a reputation of invulnerability.

They seemed to believe in themselves, for, while the king continued his own argument, they passed between them. They slipped away unseen, and met where they were out of hearing.

Swiftly, they made their plans.

They waited for darkness, and then moved through the ring of hills toward the temple. They rested close to the temple, and watched for dawn.

With daylight, they moved on the enemy. Some of the six hundred saw them approaching; but no alarm was raised, for it was only eight men, keeping close together, not camping on them but advancing boldly—against an hundred.

They came as close that the in-

ALMOST everyone thought that Marshall Joffe had won the first battle of the Meles, but when the reinforcements later started to write their books some of them had different ideas. A reporter went out to interview Joffe. "Tell me, Marshall, who did win the battle of the Meles?" he asked. "I can't answer that," said Joffe. "But I can tell you that if the battle of the Meles had been lost the Meles would have been an arm."

vaders reached out their hands to seize them. And, in that instant, the night attacked.

Each was a supreme master of his weapons. They advanced in close wedge formation. Then, as they passed into the enemy line, each warrior had to deal with only one assailant at a time, without fear of being gored in the back while he was thrusting faithfully at the warrior in front of him. And they advanced, not against a line drawn up for battle, but against an unprepared group—a group thrown off balance by the thrusts of the assault.

Methodically, the little band cut its way into the mass of disorganized chieftains. Foot by foot, they marked their progress by the bodies of dying warriors.

The picked men of Meles began to fall back, began to retreat as they saw one of their renowned champions fall with every blow. And the slight horses still pressed forward, showing no wound, striking too swiftly, too faithfully, to take any injury themselves.

The force at the temple was only a small part of the invading army, however. Pansa began to grip it like a lever, and a cry went up for help, for reinforcements against eight men who were methodically killing them at a rate as if they were increased captives.

Reinforcements came, but the killing went on, and the night wore still unbroken, untrifled. More and more reinforcements arrived. When the night wore untrifled, they merely maintained the voice into a light circle, and went on killing, working off every blow, buffing their enemies by their antagonism cold fury. The great dead now provided a barricade protecting them, and hampering the Meles men who had to clamber over the working bodies of their slain comrades.

The entire Meles army was soon crowding up. Wokila Beach is plain in the dawn battle, and only then did the leader of the night whisper an order to withdraw. As he kept the banner of dead and dying, the voices reached back.

They fought like raging beasts now. The measured aim of their attack gave way to an inspired frenzy. Kneer in the bag harbor of Polynesian was hit such ferocity and speedly slaughter been known. They literally carved their way through a wall of living flesh.

And crept without one surface wound.

They crept, but the Meles warriors gave chase. They overtook Pansa, who was as valiant as any, but was harried and not a good runner. Leaving behind in the retreat, he was tripped, thrown down, disarmed and captured.

The pursuit was abandoned. The greatest chieftain among the invaders chained Pansa to his prisoner, leaving Pansa to his back, face upward.

he led the remnants of the invading army toward the temple. Pansa's blood would stream on the altar, Pansa's life, offered to the gods, would bring new strength to the Meles army.

The seven fleeing horses halted. They charged back to deliver Pansa, but he saw them and shouted.

"You can't save me, but don't let them scuffle me alive! Throw your spears! Aim at my stomach!"

Only one spear was thrown. Popaka, leader of the band, could throw a spear that would split a stick of grass at 20 yards, and his spear flew straight at Pansa's stomach.

Pansa watched it. In the instant when it should have plunged into his stomach, Pansa twisted his body away from it. The spear buried itself in the back of Pansa's capote. It pierced the heart of the greatest chieftain of the invading force.

He shrieked once, and died.

Pansa kept clear. All night escaped,

leaving a disappointed army behind them.

The names of these horses are preserved in the memory of the Hawaiian people. When folk of the old times are sung, songs of the strutting battle on Wokila Beach are most often heard.

Now, a trend millionaire lounge on the golden sand. He only half listens, as a muscular, brown-skinned giant strolls a shishito, and smiles, and sings "Hawanna" songs composed at The Pan Alley. A "Hula-gei" as a grass skirt designed in Hollywood does a dance she learned on the Barbary Coast, and the Wokila turns to his companion.

"Trouble with these blond folks is, they always had it too easy," he explains. "Easy climate, plenty of food, no struggle. They never learned to fight the way we had to fight, and people that don't fight go soft."

The tall Hawaiian looks. He strolls his shishito, and he smiles.



THE END OF Arguments



What Makes Hair Gray?

The color of your hair comes from a pigment called melanin, which is generated in the body and supplied to the hair roots. An aging body produces less melanin. Thus the hair gradually loses its colour, becoming first tinged, finally white. In cases of premature greyness, the body has apparently lost its ability to produce sufficient melanin as a result of an hereditary pigment defect, an emotional disturbance, shock or worry, or one of a number of prolonged illnesses. No means has yet been found to stop up the body's supply of melanin. Consequently, you cannot prevent the onset of gray or white hair.

How Fast Does Ivy Grow?

Contrary to general opinion, it does not take such a long time for ivy-covered buildings to get that way. Harvard biologist, Sumner Zacks, recently devoted considerable time to research on the subject (for what purpose we cannot say—certainly it was to seal an argument or as a diversion from more important and practical problems). Anyway, last spring, Mr. Zacks started to measure the growth of a single shoot of ivy up one of several Harvard's historic walls. This and subsequent measurements at 12-hour intervals, he established that that shoot (and thus, we assume, a majority of other shoots) grew at the rate of 3/16 inches each ten hours.

For the statistically minded, it has been worked out that, at that rate, it would take a shoot of ivy 28 years and 46 days to grow from the ground to the top of the blackened tower above New York's Empire State Building.

Will We See Rubber Roads?

Long considered and tinkered with, the idea of non-cracking, non-hardening, non-slopping, non-resistant and non-fired rubber roads is gaining popularity overseas. Test strips of rubber pavement have been laid down in 15 American States in the past three years. In Washington, a special research laboratory has been set up by the National Rubber Bureau to conduct experiments with every type of rubber—natural, reclaimed and synthetic—on different townships and in different climates.

How Did The Hole Get In The Doughnut?

A New England sea captain, one Haven Grapery, was responsible for this innovation in life. The captain was a boy at the time. Watching his mother fry doughnuts, he noticed that the centers of what were then ordinary soda-bike scones always seemed doughy. He suggested that she eliminate this part before cooking. The result was so good the family never went back to the old method and the idea was copied by neighbors and others until it spread over the whole country.

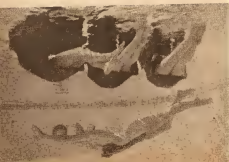
AQUATIC COMFORT

One of the rustiest jobs we know is that of *Bore laquais*—together Biko spend their working hours reclining thus in the cool green waters of fresh pools for the benefit of a cage with a name by the name of Bob Landry. No, they're not taping the shrinking qualities of one piece swimmingly, neither are they relaxing into the idiosyncrasies of the English sense of humor by a study of Petch, which is that is halting the attention of the disaffected the center.





You really want to know what they're doing? All right, we'll tell you no longer and whisper that they are demonstrating what may well be the World's Greatest Book to Non-Swimmers. If, by chance, you find members of the intricate of day possibly beyond you an enterprising Californian hereinafter has come up with the "Floating Chair". Even a playful mind with thoughts of taking some tactics now, as you can be easily demonstrated by the happy occupants.



No longer need you stand by the edge and sample a tentative to, no longer need you take a belly buster into the shallow end. For you, as this wonderful spirit shows a new era in swimming comfort is at hand. Unfortunately we cannot introduce you to any of our delicious demonstrations. It's not surprising, of course, that our customers prefer to keep them for himself. Can you blame him with you popped character equipping that way with such mobility?

Should the unfit be **STERILISED?**



LEE GUARD

Is it possible to eradicate crime, poverty and mental defectiveness by medically prohibiting the weak and inferior from multiplying?

STERILIZATION is a relatively simple operation which makes it impossible for a woman to conceive or for a man to fertilize a woman.

Its supporters claim it is essential for the improvement of the race and the breeding of better stock. In their view, mental defectives and other unfit people should not be allowed to breed and transmit disease.

While many physicians support compulsory sterilization of the unfit,

they generally agree that the cure might be worse than the disease. Who, they ask, can decide whether an incurable disease of to-day will not be responding to a wonder-drug cure tomorrow?

Take the case of the Oklahoma boy who was sterilized by an orthopedic doctor as a "back-handed trouble-maker." During World War II, he became a master-surgeon in an American tank regiment.

After the war he married, started his own business and was soon making more than \$1000 a year. His wife wanted children, and he finally had to tell her why they could not have any. As a result, she said for and obtained a divorce.

This was possible because, in a majority of the American states, and in a number of foreign countries, compulsory sterilization is legal. More than 50,000 people in the United States have been so treated, but the laws that permitted it are not uniform and are sometimes more than vague in their definitions.

For example, West Virginia and Oklahoma provide that men convicted are liable to sterilization; Iowa and South Carolina only openly authorize from venereal disease. California makes all epileptic liable, regardless of their mental condition or intelligence.

There are no such laws compelling anyone to be sterilized against his or her will in England or Australia. There is even some doubt whether a doctor can legally perform such an operation at a patient's request.

A nation-wide argument arose in England a year or so ago over a mother of six children who agreed to be sterilized after being charged with the criminal neglect of her 18-week-old baby.

Lord Horder, the physician to the King, stated there was no doubt such an operation was illegal. "In such cases there is no legal protection for the doctor," he said. "It has been known for a woman to change her mind afterwards, and the surgeon who performed the operation was not forgiven."

As a result, the official B.M.A. view (and it is a wise one) is that, "It is unethical for a doctor to sterilize a patient, unless he is certain that without it the patient will come to

serious harm or his health will suffer."

Nevertheless, a very strong case can be made out for the desirability of sterilization in certain cases. Of course, adequate safeguards to prevent abuses or mistakes would have to be devised.

The operation itself is harmless. With men it is performed in less than ten minutes. Known as a vasectomy, it involves the cutting and tying of both sperm ducts. Modern medical opinion is that there is no effecting a permanent and correct one untended.

Dr. Clarence Gossible of Boston recently reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* as a survey of vasectomies performed by 20 specially trained men. Thirty-six of the men had no decrease in sexual desire or capability, none of them had an erection. Forty-seven of the men lost all of the sexual and they were satisfied with the operation and would undergo it again if they had such a choice.

With women, sterilization is more complicated and requires at least two weeks in hospital. It involves opening of the abdomen to gain access to the Fallopian tubes, which must be cut and tied. As with men, there are no physical, mental or sexual ill-effects. There is definitely no pre-natal effect of the menopause as is generally believed. It has simply made impregnation impossible.

In cases of mental deficiency particularly, which is on the increase all over the world, some form of compulsory sterilization seems to be both wise and humane.

As far back as 1894, an expert committee set up by the British Ministry of Health recommended that sterilization should be legalized. So far no government in the British Commonwealth has seen fit to make such a move, but it's a question that will eventually have to be faced up to.

Crime Capsules



COURTROOM FRANKNESS

Samuel S. Lubowitz, a famous American lawyer once demonstrated the value of frankness—by apparent frankness—with a jury. Denouncing a man in a murder case, he put him in the box and immediately asked: "What has been your business?" The answer replied: "Professional pick-pocket." "If the jury should acquit you, what will be your occupation in future?" "Professional pick-pocket." "Was the prompt correct?" "My client was acquitted," Lubowitz later explained. "He should have been, as there was not enough evidence against him to convict. But if he had not given honest answers to my questions, the opposing counsel would have dragged it out of him on cross-examination. Then the jury would not have believed any of his testimony, and we might have lost the case."

HIJACKING BOOM

Most prevalent crime in the United States these days is hijacking. The loading-up and robbing of trucks laden with valuable merchandise it has been called "the hottest touch in crime." Last year hijackers' thefts reached \$6 million dollars. This year it has now risen to a quarter of a million dollars a day. Favorites list of the robbers are clothing, liquor, tobacco, television sets and metals. Hijacking is a highly skilled criminal

trade, calling for patient and expert planning. In the process, the "finger-men" has the job of "loading" the fight, that is selecting a certain truck and coordinating its route and cargo; the "triggernaut," of course, takes care of the driver and his offspring; the "spotter" follows the stolen truck as it is seen or approaching danger; the "drop men" provide storage or warehouse facilities for the goods until the "finger" can dispose of them. Hijacking really got on a steep back in the Prohibition era, when gangsters started commandeering their rival's liquor shipments. The reason for its phenomenal increase of late years has been the growth of truck transport in the United States. Trucks now carry one-eighth of the total freight handled. With long distances to be travelled on lonely roads, the trucks are tempting prey to the robbers.

safeguards now being adopted by the transport firms to combat hijacking include sending of armed guards with the most valuable loads, painting of goods with indelible ink and interference checking and increasing of employees to prevent "finger-men" getting inside information. More effective, however, has been the installation of soundly-perforated burglar alarms or warning devices. If any part of the vehicle is tampered with, they set a siren wailing and stall the motor.





Shadow

from

Abroad



"THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM," GLEAMED PAINTA. SUDDENLY BRANDY SAW WHAT HE HAD TO DO—FOR ALL THREE FAMILIAR STRANGERS.

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM • FICTION

A TAWNY man crossed George Street at ten past five. As he entered the mouth of Wyngard Station, another figure moved away from the letter box against which he had been leaning, and fell into step beside the first.

"Have you seen him yet, boss?" asked the bigger man.

A few paces ahead of them, red-gold hair bobbed above the shoulders of a man in a grey linen frock. Seen from the back, Brandt recognized the girl. He had never spoken to her and had no particular desire to do so; she was just another of them—the strangers whose faces had become familiar.

He answered the question absently, "No—but he arrived all right."

They went ahead of the bookstand and stopped. Also went over to buy two evening papers. For some months he had done this before he and Brandt hurried on, with all the others, to the gates under the cover of clocks and indicators.

But on this day they waited there; they had an appointment.

Also handed his companion one of the papers, then hurried unexpectedly, "I wish we were home, boss. Hell! He was the one who was departed—no one else."

"I thought you liked it here,"

Also shuffled uncomfortably, then added, "That's just it and somehow I don't like moving the place up!" He jerked his head at the people

IN THE GRIP—NOT OF THE GRASP

Once I knew a man who told
That in his workshop he had
a vice.
He made his claim quite
proudly, but
I didn't think it very new.
He strived to justify himself,
To have my concurrence of
any price.
Back to his workshop I went—
and found
That he really had a very nice
vice.

surprise so badly. "There won't even know what's hit them."

Brendt was silent for a time, his gaze wandering.

Around them, the faces waited—some bright, as never dull, some sensitive, as many not. Suddenly he knew why he had liked Sydney.

He and Elsie had been part of the crowd here—not separate and peopled as it.

As quickly, his mood changed, and he was considering other days, the bad days before Luca Perito. It was Luca Perito for whom he was waiting now, and as whose association he had crossed the Pacific. Luca had found a wild boy who hated everyone and was hated by everyone. And he had shaped the boy and polished him until, he became a very special kind of man—Luca's man.

"Here he comes," said Elsie.

"Oh, hell—he won't have a ticket. Slide over and get one, will you?"

The newcomer was dark blue, particularly tanned in an English way. He was of about Brendt's height, with plump lips smiling at everyone

good body. Dark hair waved a little above a pale and narrow face.

"Hello, David," he cried heartily, thrusting a soft hand forward.

"Good to see you, Luca. We'll just make a train."

When Elsie joined them they went along to the barrier, chatting pleasantly.

On the platform, Brendt wore a shiny, gold-gold head and started, puzzled. It was the same girl whom he had seen earlier, going down into the station ahead of him.

For a long time now, she had regularly boarded the same train as he and Elsie, usually by the same door. Often he had found himself crowded against her in the press of people; she was, perhaps, the most familiar of the numerous strangers.

And so three passengers stepped from the platform on to the train in a certain vast U.S. city, the waiting ends and the two twenty men would have been recognized. But not here.

Elsie unfolded his newspaper and started to read. Luca Perito lit a cigarette and glanced at his watch. Brendt stared at the girl who stood near him, childhood one of the tubular pillars for support.

Luca murmured in his ear, "They won't know which hit them."

Brendt smiled at the coincidence. They were the same words that Elsie had used but a few minutes earlier.

At Town Hall, more of the strangers crowded in, shouting and laughing. Somehow, Brendt was forced away from his companion and nearer to the girl. He shifted his head until it touched her on the pillar, as they had touched on other evenings. Only it was different now. Without speaking, each had admitted his awareness of the other presence.

So close to the rail, Brendt looked more carefully than he had ever done at the faces of the other travelers

Because his most familiar stranger had accepted him, it seemed that they had all done so. They all seemed more alive and good natured. He knew that it was happening only as his imagination, yet the idea clung. The real bond, at least, was real.

Then he looked around and saw that Elsie and Luca were both watching him. The latter looked on. Brendt appeared over to him suddenly, realizing that Luca wanted to be left alone.

"What's the railroad?"

"I wouldn't know," whispered Brendt.

"Seems like there's something between you," muttered his sister. "I hope you haven't been—"

Brendt cut her short, "I told you—No."

As the train pulled out of the great station, Luca tapped at Brendt's elbow, drawing him to the outer door. Quite a number of passengers had left the train, and those who remained were mostly looking towards the inner side, where a steam train was drawing past.

"Sorry, David, don't get more about it."

"Why should I?" Brendt was answered, though.

"After we're organized, you can know all the women you want."

Brendt and Elsie, "Maybe you'll find things different here." Something made him turn and look at the strangers. The girl and the others were all watching the steam train, which passed on them, then fell back, then overtook again.

He thought of that other city in another context, where—had they ever boarded a train, by any unlikely chance—they would not have had to stand. Luca Perito strided there, buying, frightening on, when necessary, destroying.

He heard the whisper, "It won't be

different long. Luca Perito is setting up house."

And suddenly, startlingly, he hated the word. For a sunny moment, he was one with the strangers. David Brendt was a very special kind of man. Perito could only a glimpse of the kind before its point pricked against his throat.

As he opened his mouth to cry his terror, the steel went harder—just above the Adam's apple, attacking him. Already Brendt's body was against his, pushing only a little.

One evening moment, but it was enough.

Soon after, the red-haired girl looked around, listening. "What was that?"

"What?" asked someone near her. "That funny noise." She had a high, petulant voice. Brendt thought it very unpleasant—not one he would like to listen to often.

Elsie was staring at his friend, his hand fast pressed. "Where's—?" he started ahead, then changed his mind.

David Brendt felt cold. The mood of sympathy towards these strangers had passed, but he felt no regret for his action. To him anyone was to be weak, and he would never admit that his reason had been other than a material one.

Therefore, when the two remaining passengers walked off along a platform, Elsie remarked, "It was about time you were up. The boys have been tired of Perito for a long time; everything's yours now."

"We'll be home in a week," said Brendt.

"The nerve of the guy—think he could buy us in this dump."

The familiar strangers crowded front and back and began, hurried about suburban streets. A shadow had reached across an ocean, but they had not felt its touch.

And it was their victory.

GREGORY SANDRUY • FICTION

Night of the Chinese Lantern



IF you don't believe this right away, don't work on it, because you never will later. If you do, soon your city. I don't need a new neighbor. I've learned to live with the necessity, but I'd like to see the pleasure of it a little. That's why I'm writing about it.

I suppose you've guessed that I'm going to talk about a girl, and you're

right—only this can't happen. Different like every man or love knows her girl is different.

It started at an open-air party—Chinese lanterns, soft music, laughter bubbling in and out of gay champagne and heady cocktails. I was right out of my class, only a friend of the friend who'd revealed the deliciously perfumed activities.

the Chinese Lantern

THE PARTY WAS OVER; LAST NIGHT'S GAIETY WAS AS DEAD AS THE LOVELY UNCLAD CORPSE ACROSS THE RED UPSTAIRS



And until I saw her that's how I felt. Afterwards I didn't feel anything that I can write about. I kept watching her, wanting to catch her between conversations or dances, but she was a very popular beauty and I didn't seem to have a chance.

Then our eyes strangely met, her peering over the shoulder of the man she danced with. Neither of us looked

away, but after a few seconds her partner swung her around. After the dance she came across to me. I'll never know why.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Randy Thompson. What's yours?"

She said it was Margaret. I told her she looked much prettier than her name sounded. She laughed heartily and we started to dance.

BALANCE OF TRADE. A small monastery on a city street had a day spreading books, has started with a pleasant crowd but much disconcerting that he was For Sale. A passer-by inquired what was his price. "Twenty thousand pounds," was the somewhat evasive reply. "Don't be silly," said the man. "There isn't a student reply. 'Don't be silly.'" The boy looked at him. "This day is the worst world that!" The boy looked at him. "This one is," he murmured, "and that's what I'm going to get for him." First into the room passed the monastery he entered that the day was missing. "I see you dismissed of your day," he remarked. "Did you get your price?" "Yes," said the boy. "Twenty thousand." "Yes, took in a couple of \$10,000 each for him."

stopping mostly on tired eyelids.

We were together for the rest of the evening, but I don't remember what we said or anything else except for one accident. It was during one of the last dances, Margaret raised her head from my shoulder and I looked at her.

Half the night had gone from her eyes but I suspected that a million still were there. They were dimmed, though, and I wanted to know why. "What's wrong?" I asked her.

"Some people are awfully dirty," she said and covered the remarks with a smile as though half-afraid.

I kissed her and you might think that proved her point, but it wasn't that sort of kiss.

"You're a very wonderful fellow," she said after a moment. "We should have met before. Boy when I was 15. We might have gone well together."

The way she looked at me took all the brightness out of her remark and looked at with regret — regret for whole years of her life. She smiled immediately, though, as if what she'd said were a joke, and I smiled too, to ease embarrassment.

The moment I left her I knew what had happened to me—the thing you don't believe exists until it starts

knocking you around inside. But the next morning I wasn't sure. The heart man was like a laughing doubt. So I went in my hat, to find out if it was the same as the day as it had been in the night.

It was early morning when I awoke and walked through the garden.

I knocked on the open front door and because there was no answer I entered and called her name. The silence explained that nobody heard me. I began wondering through the house, getting to know her from what she loved with and touched and breathed against, until finally I found her in her bedroom.

She was lying on the bed, her arms high and really concealed behind the darkness here of her black nightgown, one hand clasped over her eyes. Into her hair the colour of new-mown hay shinning in the sun. She was really beautiful—like most women never see, but she was dead. Smoothed, the pale and later.

I must have stood there for quite a while, wondering about last night, I guess, and the emptiness of tomorrow. When the maid came back with the paper I was still there. It was she had left the front door open

in her panic that was now hysteria.

I don't remember a lot about the week that followed, except that I went in the funeral. There were a lot of people there and I was with out of my class. Margaret's sister cried very gently as she watched the crowd at last on the pointed wood of the coffin. A few of the other people there cried too and then left, but I stayed on to watch and hear the gravediggers impersonally shovelling the wet earth down at her and then just to watch where she was buried.

When I left the monastery I began drinking and walking and drinking again until finally I was drunk and out to it. I came to at Margaret's sister's place.

Aside from the funeral I had only seen her at the party and I had never spoken to her. I was surprised then, but now I think she must have followed me around and taken over when I was too far gone to know or do anything about it.

I woke up lying on a couch. I could feel the rough of my skin pressing where someone had undressed my collar and I felt sick and dizzy. I coughed and Margaret's sister came through from the kitchen.

"If you want some coffee," she said and walked out.

I went across to the window. It was still raining and a few people hurried through it, going somewhere, meeting some other people, being able to talk to them. I cried then.

"The name's Maura," she said.

I turned and she was smiling again with her mouth. Through the wisp of coffee steam that rose from the tray she held, her face looked very strange and I suddenly wanted to get away from her.

"You loved her, didn't you," she remarked calmly as she poured the coffee.

"I don't know," I told her and

asked, "Why did you bring me here?"

"You were drunk," she said and handed me the coffee.

I said, "I think I'd better go."

"Why?" She didn't even look up as she asked. That was how much she'd expected me to stay.

"Because I'm sick."

We both knew that wasn't the reason, just as we both knew I'd be back to hear what she had to say. That was why delaying it. I didn't say good-bye. I simply packed my coat off a chair and walked out.

That should have ended it and I should have taken up where I left off on seeing Margaret. I didn't, though. Instead I began systematically to drive myself mad wondering why and who. And all the time I know who held the answers and I kept away from her just because of that.

Until one night I dreamed. When I woke from it, my pajamas were clinging wetly to every part of my body. I made up my mind then to get out before I went crazy. Somewhere I'd find a place, the other side of the world if necessary—a desolate place where it was hot during the days with cool nights and few people and plenty of fish.

It only took a cold shower and a meal to wake me up to myself. I won't guess anywhere for a while.

All that day I stopped myself checking the telephone directory, but when the dark came I knew I was going to give up. I never can hold out long when I want something badly, even though I know that if I get it I'm going to feel like hell.

Maura started to laugh as soon as she found out who I was.

"Do you really want to see me," she started. "They all did sooner or later, all wanted to know something about her. Strange creature. Also said." She smiled. "And each one

wanted to be the last and thought he would be. But you're the best, darling, the very, very best, unless of course the devil—"

I hung up on her laughing laughter.

Outside it was cold and I began walking. Without design, I told myself, but after two hours I was running Moore's doorbell.

She opened the door and leaned against the jamb. She was smiling, and I thought how pleasant it would be to feel my hand against her blonde hair, smacking her face into the wall. I slipped past her and went through to the lighted lounge at the end of the dark hall. I heard her heels as she followed me.

In the light her stuporous content gave shimmered off every curve of her body. She was beautiful, but she seemed to shrink through her beauty that she was going to crumple and grow old very quickly.

"I was going out," she explained from the cocktail cabinet, "but when

you rang I decided to wait for you. I knew you'd come."

Still smiling, she handed me a whisky. I put it down and went across to the window. I was waiting for her to start and after a minute she did. She reminded what she'd said over the 'phone, quietly lighting up the dark helplessness of a lonely woman. Her voice, thick with alcohol, was murmured by herself.

I heard her make two trips to the cocktail cabinet as she spoke. Then, unconsciously, I stopped listening. I probably started dreaming about Margaret—how she was to me and what we would have done had there been time.

It was quite a while before I realized that Moore had stopped speaking. I turned. She was sitting down staring at me and she looked as though she hadn't had a drink.

"You haven't been listening, have you?" she said, her voice almost normal. She laughed coldly.

"Who did it?" I asked her quickly.

"You," she said.

"Me?" I confirmed what she said quickly, because for an instant I believed her.

"Yes." Her voice suddenly softened with reason. "The dead dancing with you. You're her murderer as surely as if you'd shot her through the head. The one the police are looking for is only—"

"Who is he?" I put in, hardly knowing that she knew, and wondering what I'd do if I found out, and why she was silently crying there in the big chair. . . .

"He was her lover," she said bitterly. "When he went to her that last night, he couldn't understand that she could say so and that it was all over—surely because you'd come along."

"Who was he?"

Again she refused to answer. "The man who picked up the pillow and laid it—"

Grabbing her wrist, I pulled her up around me and asked the question again, this time her eyes, sparkling with tears and reason.

She laughed contemptuously and pulled away.

"What would you do if you knew?" she asked, and when I didn't answer, she said, "You haven't the guts to do what you're thinking."

Her words and the way she looked startled me. I felt my face change and she caught her breath. She went out of the room and when she returned she had on a fur cape and carried a handbag. I realized that she was taking me to the man whose name she wouldn't say, but I still didn't know what I was going to do.

We must have stayed for hours. I don't know. Time died for me. I went to see Margaret when the morning after the party, and she was waiting for me. Night fell as I approached her, and the garden lit up suddenly with the Chinese lantern. I under-



**YOU AUGHTER FIGURE
THIS FOR YOURSELF**

Somebody's wife?
Somebody's daughter?
She learned the lesson
When I caught her!
She so much liked
The things I brought.
She took rather more
Than a good girl oughter!

stood it to be Marguerite that birthday party. We were dancing. . . .

"How is it?"

It was a home, huge and alone. At the door, Moore inserted a key. Her breath had turned.

"The thing door on your right up the stairs," she said. "Don't be afraid. He'll be alone."

She swung the door away from us, and I entered. I had made no decision, and I was incapable of forming one.

As I crossed the wide staircase and approached the door, I thought shrewdly about justice and the police and the law.

Finally I had my hand on the door. Opening it, I switched on the light. Instantly a man jumped up in the bed, his eyes popping with fear. A noise left his mouth, and I knew he was trying to ask me who I was.

I walked closer to the bed, so that I could see him better. I pictured him placing the pillow over his head

and probably lying along her body to keep her still, and pressing very hard where her hand was in her hair to keep it there. . . .

The look in his eyes suddenly changed. He knew exactly what he was afraid of now, and he yelled.

"Don't! Please!"

Then the next scene, shattering his face and the night. Even without hearing, I knew Mike stood behind me.

"I never intended that you should hit him," she said evenly. "I just brought you for company, and so that I couldn't run away afterwards, even if I wanted I couldn't stand to be chased."

I turned. The gun hung from her hand, as though it were heavy as the world.

"He was my husband," she said. "He came to me as soon as he'd done it. It was the first time in six months that I'd seen him. But I always knew he'd come back. I didn't think, though. . . ." her voice trailed off and she said words I heard once: "He tried."

Suddenly her body tensed.

"Did you hear what I said?" she barked wildly. "He came back to me!"

Then she went limp as though everything inside her had stopped, and she began to shake. She opened her mouth. I couldn't hear anything, yet I knew she was laughing.

+ + +

And that's all. That's as far as I take you, except to say that I've found that place where it's hot during the day and cool at night, and where there are few people and plenty of fish. The rest is a mystery. Occasionally, though, a dream comes along strong with (Chinese) legends and reliving a lot of dead noise. It happened last night, and this morning I had I've written this



"I've made a lot of friends since I married her."



"Stick to the LAST"

PUMP SEWN BY
GIBSON

With the price of boot re-
pairs as it is these comes a
time in every man's life
when he decides to do his
own repairs . . .



Open! That's him it! . . .
Oh, well . . . I guess I can put
the last back with the rest of
the things . . .

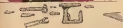
A good luck is to take the
leather on in the square . . .



And carefully trim the edges afterward



This is usually where the
feet and toe comes in . . .



Well, there she is! . . .
Not exactly neat, natty
or groovy, but isn't it a
shame that the missus
tossed its companion out
with the rubbish last
week!



STRANGER and Stranger



PLAUSIBLE . . .

Professional salesmen may soon reach the moon where they will be contrasting to send down the proverbial doghouse of cats and dogs. Hironobu Asada, who also serves as a doctor of science at Osaka University, was recently engaged by the Kansai Power Company to fill the reservoirs at Fukui, a town 150 miles west of Tokyo in the province of Toyama. Dr. Asada plans to use the usual dry ice or silver nitrate; but to prove the rum is really his and not some competitor's, he has guaranteed he will send it down coloured green.

MECHANICAL PROGRESS . . .

Latest and repeatedly the brilliant of the robot calculating machines being developed around the world is the baby of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which its proud parents have named Whirlwind One. It can take information from the memory, use it to solve a problem and then file the answer away again for future use. This little slave Whirlwind One can do 35,000 times a second. Used in an air traffic control centre, its sponsors claim, it could "receive information by radio or cipher from hundreds of aircraft approaching or leaving at jet speeds, analyze the data simultaneously and sort out a pattern flight for all the varying planes."

ON ALL FOURS . . .

According to Dr. Frederick Lundrum, of the University of Illinois, when men stand up and become a two-footed animal (an estimated million years ago), he doomed himself to a variety of diseases and ailments. Various veins, for example, result from inability of the veins and walls of the leg veins to stand the pressure on the vertical blood column. Similarly with our intestines, which because of man's upright posture get little support. The result is often hernia. Difficult childbirth may be caused by deformation of the female pelvis resulting from the overburden of body weight on it when standing on two legs. Dr. Lundrum advises about trouble to the same cause. Gravity cannot carry out proper drainage of the stomach when you are standing upright.

TRADE . . .

Among at least three-quarters of the people of the world, goods bought and sold seldom have a fixed value. The price paid is determined only after negotiations between the buyer and the seller. When the parties wish to keep the price a secret, the negotiations are carried on in a flatter code under cover, which it takes years to master. Prices for rugs in Persia, and rubies in Burma, are settled by two men spreading each other's hands beneath a table or a piece of cloth.



Bob Schuster



"I didn't say you're not as pretty as you were ten years ago . . . I just said it takes you longer!"

CARNAVAL, November, 1952 51



*An argument for a **MODEST BIKINI***

That's a title that might well be given to any blonde from Showbiz whom you might expect to find in Hollywood. We haven't seen Joan in a more flamboyant bikini, but really, fellows, she could hardly look better than she looks in this new but modest model, could she? It may be her smile that's causing our enthusiasm. We're still old-fashioned enough to believe that there isn't a woman in the world who isn't prettier when she smiles.

Moreover, with a knockout body now, Joan is all set to prove that worklock is not deadstock for a screen career. Already (in what are should imagine is the dress-making bangle of all time) she has appeared in the film "Pachinko Women." Nevertheless she has hopes of doing much better than that in the near future. Painted of more than her share of the Bikini's loveliness that won't elapse and woman story that is surely for from untold thinking.





After a busy morning in her backyard, selfish naps completely replaced with a stimulating pool and last is best for a budding starlet, and a pool is ready to flip down for a much needed rest. Why should she need a rest? Well, as we most mornings when she isn't working, some exercises from her been completed with a full program of ballet, tennis, croquet, soccer, golf, and other dancing and singing and dramatics practice. Is it any wonder she hasn't yet had time to jump into the pool and rest those all-blond legs?



pointers to

BETTER HEALTH



ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK . . .

A new explanation why people become alcoholics has been advanced by Professor Roger Williams of the University of Texas. He believes they are born with dietary needs that are hard to satisfy. "As soon as they begin to violate the rules of good nutrition by drinking quantities of alcoholic liquor," he says, "these deficiencies stimulate craving for alcohol and a vicious cycle is started. People who get everything they need nutritionally never become alcoholics." By experiment, the professor has proved that animals on a completely nutritious diet will not touch alcohol, those getting a deficient diet, however, cannot resist it.

TRANSPLANTING ORGANS . . .

That the day may not be so far off when diseased and worn out hearts and other organs will be replaced in men in experiments currently being carried out at the Chicago Medical School, Surgeons there have succeeded in grafting a dog's heart into the neck of another dog and there it may be seen beating for as long as 48 hours—far longer than was previously thought possible. The dog is unharmed and lives on after the heart dies, on his own natural heart. The problem in transplanting organs has long been "how compatible." Generally these

taken from one of a species are not survive when transplanted to another. In humans, the only successes as far as this regard have been with corneal grafts from the eye and blood vessel grafts. The dog experiments, however, are sufficiently encouraging for the work to continue.

FIGHT FEET . . .

Three out of every four persons, it is estimated, at one period of their lives are infected with the skin disease known as athlete's foot. Despite its name, however, you do not have to be an athlete to be plagued by its effects—running blisters and scaling cracks between the toes—which are easy to get, hard to cure and can be so crippling as a broken leg. Many remedies, including tomato paste, white oil, turpentine and salts from various kinds of muds, have been suggested in recent years, but to date the pessimum drugs that cause the condition are still unknown. The best way to keep them at bay is to keep your toes from becoming an attractive breeding place that will attract them from the hoars of public baths or showers. To do this you should keep your feet clean and dry, change your socks frequently, air your shoes, wear light and well-ventilated shoes (unlabeled children seldom contrast athlete's foot and dust talcum powder between the toes

When the girls roll 'em



SYDNEY GEORGE HUNT

America's screaming, thrilling Roller Derbies have become a television show to show the girls and their fights to the fans.

SPORT is what you find it. We agree that the statement is not loaded with appropriate brilliancy, but at least it carries a substantial load of solid truth.

The paddling, slip-sliding, Swiss band-a-gee type of pop-music now which will light at the drop of a rind of purple cheese. Large heaps of Swiss currency are weighed each year on the outcome of now-remembered contests.

When you first watched a game of Gaelic football, surely you must have felt an occasional wave of sheer amazement at the model of pure audacity.

In that vast secret area behind the Iron Curtain, it is said that alternate flag-clipping is an item mentioned on the Russian schedule of sports records. A couple of comrades registered in West and Michigan recently scored an questionable slip-

per break of 24 hours straight-to become champions of the USSR.

Over in Wales, the top, tough men of the mines have a sport that easily matches that of the Comrades for pure ruggedness. They call it punning. Two contestants stand face to face, each with hands on the other's shoulder. An official yells "Go!" (no fault in the Welsh vocabulary—and each starts backing away at the other's shove. First man to lose his shoulder grip and back away for safety is declared defeated.

That is quite a line-up of strength but true recreation, you will agree. To watch it would surely be the best substitute in any single nation. Strange as it may seem, it has been done by the United States.

America's contribution to the pool of possible play can equal any or all of its colleagues. In fact, it maintains a combine most of the members of all of them.

There are only a few isolated districts in the U.S.A. where the Roller Derby is still unknown.

Roller Derbies have set wild women on wheels. They have also set a certain Mr. Keltner on my street. Mr. Keltner introduced the pastime, and generated it to a standing where a derby now would be an apt incentive for the sport. He was misled by science in the form of television.

There was a period when, way back in the middle 1890's, Keltner's roller skating show attracted their staff before audiences of two and three hundred, and everyone was nicely happy—including the proprietor of the show.

Along came video, and sport-mad householders were enticed to see the TV screens filled with buff, muscle-board warriors.

Then suddenly Mr. and Mrs. America tired of the sorry efforts of the working racketeer.

There was a pleading, suggested national cry for something less academic and more lively. Re-entrance then dawned, Leo Keltner, now retired 34, even willing to oblige, turned forward his roller skating team. His roller derbies were a riot on the TV screen. They were at least three parts of a riot in the flesh, too.

Now a couple of million screen addicts press closer to the video air when the bells on the belt-bearing wheels announce their facilities. Let's take a look at one of their shows.

The arena is, maybe, Madison Square Garden. Fifty thousand roller fans are streaming forward in their seats, yelling themselves hoarse.

Down there on the center of the stadium, there is a circular, deeply angled track. It is like a cycling track, but much smaller. Round and round the track there are girls roller skating at some 25 miles an hour.

They jostle each other, yelling and pushing as they bump. Suddenly a pair comes to grief. Grappling, they crash to the inside. The crowd is really on. They hoot, scratch, hiss and yelp as they roll to the inner edge of the track.

Police and officials come a-running and pull the ferocious wild-cats apart. They still snarl and spit as they are forcibly separated. The fans in their heated seats are now leaning for the sight of blood.

The rest of the skaters have returned their grinding rush around the board track. Lap after lap they spin. Then there is the sharp, sudden clink of steel on metal as skaters crash.

A high-pitched scream cuts across the hubbub of the spectators. A full-bodied skater tries to save himself as the diva face-forward down the track. Half a dozen of the field lap her body as she lies still. Two ambulance attendants come her quickly.

Is that the answer to entire Ambrose Bierce's mystery disappearance in revolutionary Mexico?

J. W. HEMING



Fate of a Fiction Master

AMBROSE BIERCE'S main line of business was death—in the short story. His biography tells him of an American artist, but he was the more famous for his satirical stories about killings.

Bierce had also some experience with horrible war-stories in the actual. The son of a farmer of Ohio, at the age of 19 he entered the Union army as a volunteer, served throughout the Civil War, was twice severely wounded.

After the war he went to San

Francisco and took on journalism. In 1872 he went to London, and used his comic humor in "Tins," and three other volumes, which made him famous as "Bitter Bierce"—his name being protected "Bierce."

He migrated back to San Francisco in 1875 and then began to write short stories but no one would publish them.

After about ten years of trying, he decided to publish himself, and in 1881 brought out a book of short stories, called "In the Mouth of Life,"

which just as unending best-seller. Many other books followed, but none was so successful as that first one.

By 1912, after writing about the horrors of death for many years, and seeing little of those horrors, Bierce decided it was time to get around again. He was then a young man of 51.

The nearest place to see death in the wholesale now was Mexico, where a bandit named Pancho Villa was making death his life work.

Bierce visited his daughter in 1912 and told her he was going to Mexico. "I'll buy a donkey and have a pass. I can see what's doing, perhaps write a few articles about the situation."

He wrote to a friend, Mrs. J. C. McCreesh, on September 12, 1912: "I expect to go to South America, possibly through Mexico, if I can get through without being stood up against a wall and shot as a gringo."

He wrote to his niece, Mrs. C. A. Bierce, on October 1, and folded his letter with "Goodbye—if you hear of me being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to bits, please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life."

The next day, October 2, 1912, he left Washington and headed south for war-torn Pancho Villa.

Let us take a glance at this Villa. He was born Donato Arango, in the Mexican state of Durango, on October 4, 1874. At the time of Bierce's trip he was just on his 38th birthday.

As a homeless youth, he put together a gang and changed his name to Francisco Villa. Later, for some reason of which history does not tell, he was given the nickname of Pancho.

Villa was not a nice boy. He was educated in the Thero K-robbery, rape and murder, and later he was to add another R—revolution. His

well-organized gang of cattle rustlers in the northern states worked so well that a prize was put on Villa's head by the Diaz Government.

When Villa got a chance to ramble into the more-or-less respectable game of politics, he took it, joining Madero in 1910 in his revolt against Diaz. Then he had been, except for a four-year interval, dictator since 1911.

Francisco Madero's revolutionary army struck a little trouble because a man named Victoriano Huerta was pulling a counter revolution on the line, and the Huerta happened to capture Villa. But you couldn't hold a bandit like that. Villa escaped across the border into Texas.

Madero pulled off a victory and became president, which was a very good reason (Madero) for several more revolutionary armies to spring into being under command of Zapata in the south, and Govea and Felix Diaz (nephew of the former president) in the north. Madero's chief general, war old friend Huerta, with whom he had earlier joined forces, now deserted him. He turned on Madero, threw him into prison, and let the bands quietly assassinate the president. There was never a dull moment!

A guy named Victoriano Carranza did not like this treatment of his old boss, who had been his governor, of Coahuila. He protested against Madero's murder and started a new revolution of his own. Villa went back into Mexico and joined him.

Into this vortex of changing presidents, assassinations and intrigues, moved Ambrose Bierce. And quickly vanished!

With Villa's assistance, Carranza overthrew Huerta, and became president. But Carranza looked upon Villa as a mere bandit and when Villa asked for his reward from the spoils

of office he was sent packing. Naturally, Vela started his own revolution, but was defeated by Carrasco's chief general, Chirinos, who some years later (1930) had Carrasco assassinated. Chirinos himself was assassinated in 1935.

Remembering amongst all this fighting, Ambrose Bierce disappeared.

Evidence seemed to suggest that he had joined Vela. And Vela was a ruthless killer when he felt like it—and that was always. His might have taken a dislike to the gringo's maverickish or something!

When Mexico had one of those rare quiet spells between revolutions, many investigations went into the territory where Bierce had been seen.

There was one rather vague story that Bierce had left Vela's side to join Carrasco, had been captured by a Vela general and shot. That was disproved, as were other stories of a like character.

He was an maverick letter-writer. How is it that he did not write to his daughter, his secretary, or one of his numerous friends? Or why wasn't his son and comrade by the dozen or so American newspaper correspondents who were with Vela's army?

Biographers and paid investigators went on probing and following leads until they poked out. The Carrasco Government then took a hand. It appointed an American-educated Mexican officer, Gaston de Prada, to conduct an investigation.

De Prada set off with a dozen photos of old men, one of them Bierce, asking questions and showing the photos—asking the interpreted to pick out Bierce to substantiate any story told, then moving on as they failed. But although de Prada was in the opposite camp to Vela, he could find nothing to join Bierce's murder on the border.

At last one Salvador Bierce re-

cognized Bierce's photo and said that Bierce had accompanied him—he was a Velaite officer—to the siege of Oquingo, from a city from whence had come Bierce's last letters. This was in December, 1913, not long after Bierce had arrived. Bierce remembered Bierce going to the battle, which was a two-day affair, but he never saw him after Oquingo fell on January 12, 1914.

The attack was under the command of a Velaite general named Celso. Vela passed him on January 7, six days after the siege had begun. After the battle, to prevent the spread of typhus, Vela had the corpses of his own and the enemy dead piled in heaps and burned.

It was an typhus custom, but somewhat unusual for historical purposes of identification of the killed. Somewhere among those bodies was that of Ambrose Bierce.

Having solved the mystery to his own satisfaction, de Prada dropped the matter for 15 years. He was traveling America with a motor cycle troupe when he heard an agent from Carey McWilliams, Bierce's biographer, for news of Bierce.

The Mexican told his story, and with that to go on, McWilliams soon dug up other witnesses who corroborated hearing of the shooting of an old gringo in the siege. And McWilliams found amongst the papers of Bierce's dead secretary a sentence taken from Bierce's last letter. "The end to go to Oquingo, surely by rail."

So there is no doubt that Bierce's last-felled body was executed outside Oquingo, and that he had died in battle, in a way he would like to die. Which winds up the mystery of the death of Ambrose Bierce.

Just in case you're interested, Vela was assassinated in 1923. Those boys had uses for brute—but not to die in!



"Vela might as quiver! Why a thrifty girl could feed two for a whole week on that!"

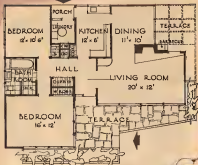
UTILISING A NARROW BLOCK TO ADVANTAGE

Although it is easier to design an attractive and impressive home with a wide frontage, it is still possible to produce pleasing results on the narrow, 30-foot building lot which are common to most suburban subdivisions.

CAVALCADE suggests, in the accompanying sketches, a home for such a block.

The terrace, facing the street, has been provided to increase the living room area. In addition there is a second terrace at the rear of the house on which a barbecue is placed. There are two bedrooms, each with a built-in wardrobe. The kitchen is fitted up with the usual cabinets, and a food store cupboard in addition. There is a convenient soap and sudsy cupboard opening from the laundry, as well as a coat and linen cupboard in the rear hall.

The overall area of this house, which could be built in either brick or timber, is 1,120 square feet.



The Home of To-day (No. 24)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.S.A.A.



The dreaded Auckland Islands were the worst death trap in all the Southern Seas.



BATTLE FOR LIFE

CEDRIC R. WENTIFLAY

IT started on a night of rain and drumming rain which masked the sound of breaking on the rocks. The twenty-eight men aboard the barque did not know they were within fifty miles of land when the black rocks took her. Twenty-eight men—and of them sixteen made the desperate journey between ship and shore, and of those one was to die before the week was out.

The date was March 1, 1863, the vessel was the bar, 228-ton, barque Dundee, bound out of Sydney for London, the place was a broken mass of rocks and swamps and scrub-covered hills known as the Auckland Islands—a sea-trap awaiting its south of New Zealand on latitude fifty north, full in the path of sailing ships running to the east, cold seas below Australia, Good Hope, and

the Horn, and feared by all mariners.

The survivors shivered the night out, then counted heads. Twelve were gone, including Captain Thompson and his son. The others knew there would be an unlucky thirteenth, for the mate, Brown, was gray and gasping with cold.

Colony? They looked about them. The barque was gone, broken to fragments against the rocky cliffs. Their island was small, not much more than a rock shelf. A long sea miles of drumming, thunderous sea separated them from the blue-green bulk of the main island.

"Where are we?" asked little three-year-old Albert Roberts, the ship's boy.

"Disappointment Island," growled a bearded old sailor. "In the Auckland—the most ill-fated house of rocks in all the Southern Seas."

They gathered round him, demanding information, and he told them, his words punctuated by the surge of the dying mate.

"Don't let the youngsters feel sorry—five years ago it took Charles Roderick, and the biggest barbed swimmers, and Queen Victoria herself. They set out to make it the whaling capital of the world—shipped out a complete village of wooden houses. They found swamps, no' rugged sea-coast break, no' stores, but no whales. In the end they left the village standing, no' left—"

"So the village is still there?"

The mate shrugged. "Totaled every living soul. Never was no use to anybody. The schooner Griffin was lost here in 1848. Her crew of five lived here on seals and birds for sixteen months, they managed to rig up a boat. Three of them sailed her to Stewart Island, more than two hundred miles north.

"Then there was the Invercadd,

about the same time. Twenty-five men aboard, and all but one got ashore—and all but three died there. There is reason the other two drifted men found the body of one led to one of the old huts. Then there was the General Grant—who's over there somewhere. In a cave under the cliffs, we hear his men sang from the Australian wildfowl still aboard. Two survivors were released eighteen months later—ten out of eighty-three.

"Ah! twenty years ago there was one Barry Castle—I almost sailed in her. Eight sailed out of twenty-three. They were wrecked at Roderick Island, but they built a raft, crossed to the main island, lived at the wreck depot until rescued."

"The wreck depot?" bawled the Australian, Bob Ellis. "You mean that's dead and shattered—over there?"

"Aye." The old man grimaced at his customers. "The New Zealand Government put in a hut at Charles Harbour, no' stocked it with grub. A Government steamer calls every so often."

"Then all we've got to do is get to the main island no' live in luxury?" roared the Irishman, Mick Griffin.

The old sailor spat, and looked at the dying mate. "That's all we've got to do," he said.

The following days and weeks were fully occupied with the business of staying alive. The crewmen had one precious gift—the gift of fire. A bunch of jockies produced five wadded sulphur matches. After three days of waiting in the fatal sun-draw, sea became dry enough to light. From then on a fire was kept burning.

With their bare hands the men fought and killed seals, mollyhawks, and big wandering albatrosses, often pulling down their quarry by sheer weight of numbers and jagged, struggling and slapping it to death.

THOSE numerous chances that elude up your insurance policy can sometimes become. Recently a Kansas City insurance pool \$100 to insure against loss of either of his hands. Sometimes, on the policy, the word "limb" was inserted instead of "hand." Later, the doctor was involved in a shooting accident on a hunting trip and had his right foot amputated. Under his insurance policy, he collected \$100,000 — and still had both his hands in every on his possession.

The weeks spun out into months. Peters died and was buried under a storm of snow. Always on the distance the huge lump-backed shape of the main island loomed there.

In mid-July they started work on a craft designed to carry three men across the intervening water. It was a terrible-looking vessel—an oval-shaped framework of the twisted branches of voracious shrubs, covered with canvas.

On July 11 the canoe was jugged into the water and held steady while three men climbed aboard. They were Michael Pol, a Finn; Santiago Hernan, a Chilean; and Bob Ellis.

Added by a fur wind, and man-painting trade-mark paddles, they took a long time to work their way offshore. The others watched as they closed their way towards the main island. A day later they saw smoke—and then waiting for some more days.

On the tenth day the smoke bore in, swift, moving very slowly. It turned over in the surf, and was washed to pieces. The waiting conti-

nued dragged the crew to safety. But one look told them that there was no good news here.

Bob Ellis told the others how the canoe had drifted for three days through interlocked reefs, swamp and started from until their endurance was almost gone. On the way back they were suddenly attacked by a wild bear, but the three survivors and desperate men were a match for him. With a compass that would not be damaged, they took wounds from the bear's tusks as they dragged him down. The men lasted them another few days, but they could find nothing of the depot.

It was now in the depth of winter. The canyons needed every shred of canvas they had to shelter themselves and their precious fire.

The men spent the time in searching around the rocks looking for shellfish, and in searching the mud-patched crevices at the foot of the cliff for eggs and hiding seals.

Two more canoes were built, slightly bigger than the first one. At the end of September one was launched, and four men assembled into it. The landward swept the rocky shore seaward, where the surf caught it and dashed it to pieces on the rocks. Unfortunately, all four men were saved.

The canyons waited ten days before making another attempt. The third canoe was a little sturdier than the other two, and its crew was carefully chosen. Everyone had a feeling that it was in the nature of a last chance. If it failed, they would all die slowly as the land grew out. The crew comprised two women, Waltons and Eyre, a Norwegian named Knudsen, and an Irishman, Griffin.

They made the crossing safely, but the surf spilled them on the rocky shore, smothering the canoe and

quenching the fire they had carried over on a turf. Battered and bloodied, they spent precious time diving for the food that had been in the canoe. They were drying their clothes when their meat came to them out of the boat.

It was a big white seal, plainly tracked by the sudden arrival of the canoes. Without delaying to put on their clothes, they threw themselves upon it. With the broken blades of a parkie they killed and skinned the seal, then made ready for the journey in search of the depot.

Their main loss had been the fire. Without it they could neither cook the seal-meat nor signal their friends on Deception Island.

Now they stopped steadily inland, making no more than a mile or two per day. There was ice at dawn, and freezing branches and crusty-running gullies sent them far off their course. They had one objective—to win their way to a high point on the island and try to pick up where the depot might be. At dusk on the fifth day, weary and spent, they found themselves on a ridge. They staggered on hesitantly, before them was a white post, and on it the legend—"Depot, 4 Miles."

In darkness they pressed ahead. Mark Griffin, keeping the others going with a map flow of anecdotes and speculation. In moonlight they saw an inlet before them, and at the head of the inlet the ruins of three huts. A red river was revealed to their tired eyes—fine at mouth, broader, sweeter, Murklets, catches, a gin and ammunition, and a boat.

After a day or two of rest, they set out to rejoin their comrades. There was only one way to go this time, to circumnavigate the northern part of the island—a distance of 18 miles.

On the first attempt the boat was swamped, but on the second they cleared the main island and stood out across the gulf in style, under sail. The spellbound outcrops of Deception Island could scarcely recognize their fair master in the new clothes they were wearing.

The boat was then propped into service as a ferry. It landed the seven final canyons on the western shore of the main island to make the overland trip, and took the others around.

In good heart, the men settled down for a long sleep. They carved out little huts, which they furnished with portions of their plight before turning their backs upon the sea. They stored materials and hunted materials in them.

But their ordeal was almost over. On Friday, November 13, 1907, a sleek, pudgily stomach was sighted standing in for the island. She was the New Zealand Government steamer, the *Hermes*, on one of her regular tours around the wreck depot. Within an hour the canyons had their kagel-dur tea and tobacco, with many other comforts. Within a few night, after the ship had visited other islands, they were landed at Bluff at the southern end of New Zealand.

The canyons soon continued in the four weeks following their calling and the seal-land. The boy named Albert Roberts is now a watch kagel-man employed by the Wellington Harbour Board.

In his possession is a silver plate which was once part of a little canoe that the canyons launched from the depot, and which made the long journey to Campbell Island. The frame of the first canoe is in the Christchurch Museum—a tribute to fifteen men who would not accept defeat.

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KATH
KING

DIAMONDS OF DEATH.

BY SYDNEY GERRARDEN.

DRAWN BY PHIL DELORM.

WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE ROMANTICIZED LIVES OF LOSTER KINGS. WE PROMISE KATH KING IS LOOKING FOR SOME THING TO WRITE ABOUT.



WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO GET OUT OF THIS?

NOT MUCH. IT'S A DUTY CALL. YOUR HONOR.



WEALTHY LESTER MARKS AND HIS WIFE MAKE A POINT OF BEING LATE TO THE FRESH



LESTER ADMITS HE WEARS LIT GENUINE DIAMONDS TONIGHT



WHERE LESTER'S GROOMING MEN HAVE LOST THE POLAROID IN DUMMICKY IF NOT IN HER OWN BEAUTIFUL HAIR?



LESTER MARKS'S WIFE FALLS IN A BEAT - WHILE PEOPLE ARE SHOWN INTO A MOMENT'S GLIMPSE, BOTH RUN FORWARD



AND TRIES TO GIVE ASSISTANCE. (SOUND EFFECT)



MY DIAMONDS! OH, THEY'RE GONE!



MY DIAMONDS HAVE GONE - NO DO SOMETHING!



Nobody will leave the room, of course

MRS MARKS EXPLAINS THAT SHE MISSED THE POINT OF BEING TO CROSS THE ROOM, SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT HER DIAMOND NECK-LET AND BRILLIANT WERE GONE, AND PARTED WITH SHOCK WITH THE



LESTER IS LOATH TO CALL THE POLICE



YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY TO RECOVER THE GOOD NAME OF YOUR GUESTS

MRS MARKS A DELIGHTED IN TELEPHONE IN THE BALL ROOM, WITHOUT HAVING TO LEAVE



THE POLICE ARRIVE AND TALK WITH MARKS. THEY KEEP EMPHASIS IN THE BALL ROOM, WHERE THEY SEARCH THE ROOMS VERY ACCOUNT FOR EVERY GUEST



THE UPPER STORY IS SEPARATE, MOSTLY USED HIS QUARTER RESIDENT







THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWED
HIS FATHER AND MOTHER
SEATED TOGETHER AT A NIGHT-
CLUB TABLE. *****

GET THE OFFICE ON THE
WIRE WHILE I FINISH
DRESSING, PLEASE.



WELL, THE MAN FOR A REAL
STORY OF HIS OWN WORTH
TAKES THEM, EITHER.



CONFRONTED WITH AN OLD
REPRODUCTION OF HERSELF
AND THE MAN, THERE WERE
MANY THINGS AND.



THE COMPROMISE WASN'T BEEN
IN LOVE WITH HIM, AND
THAT HE HAD REMEMBERED
TO REMIND HER HOW
SHE'D MARRIED A MAN.
THEY WERE *****



DO YOU ACTUALLY WANT
TO BE A MAN? AND THE
DIAMOND WITH YOU
HER MAN IN YOUR HOLDING
AND AROUND HER TO GET
OUT OF THE WINDOW
SHOWING IT MEANT THE
DEATH?



THE MAN HAD NEVER
BEEN MARRIED, BUT
SHE HAD GIVEN THE
COMPROMISE TO THE MAN-
MARRIED AND SENT HIM TO
THE DEATH. THEN, OF
COURSE, TO HAVE
BEEN MARRIED, AND ALL
WENT THROUGH THE WIND-
DOWN.



Look for this Sign . . . it's your guarantee of . . .

"Happy Motoring"


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OBTAIN
YOUR PLUMB
STAYERS FOR
CONCRETE ATTENTION.
CONCRETE SPECIAL
QUANTITY PRODUCTS
PLUMB STAYERS
AND COMPLETE CAR CARE



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for the Atlantic Oval. It's your
assurance of top quality service, and
top quality products, backed by the
world's oldest and largest refiners.

ATLANTIC —~~ATLANTIC~~ ATLANTIC MOTOR OIL  PARADISE 



THE FLYING MACHINE

HE THUNDERED DOWN THE STRAIGHT OBVIOUS OF EVERYTHING
BUT WINNING THE RACE HE HAD BEEN WARNED TO THROW

GRAHAM BLACKWELL • FICTION

WEST BYRON, back in the stables and his body draped across Dancer's long, shaggy-necked neck, strove his mount stayed the turn into the straight. The odds close to his boots made a flashing white blur through the haze of early morning.

Half-way down the straight he rose well higher against the ground, rolling neck—his clenched mouth against the horse's left ear emitting a loud, prolonged hiss. West and Dancer were old friends. Someone and West could handle the odd better than the fashionable jockeys.

He leaned back, approaching the post, whiplashed into the prickled ear for an added effort and drove Dancer head across the line. Then he leaned back, partly against the reins and wove the horse up half a furlong farther down the course.

Sam Finch, West Byron's master, and Dancer's trainer, led them off the track, his short, paunchy body leaning with automatic restraint and all of his fleshy, close-shaven face wrinkled with a deep frown in the semi-darkness.

"Here, a look, son, four furlongs

He rode desperately with whip and heat, having head against Dancer's ear.

in forty-nine, he came down the last furlong in twelve full into that wind

— this is something the boys would."

West grinned as he loosened the wooden scarf around his neck and gave the bag out on affectionate pat.

"I reckon he's gonna give the afternoon's Dancer a mighty shake, Mr. Finch. Whatever beats Dancer will just about win it, if you ask me."

West dismounted Sam and walked the horse back to the stable, attracted almost almost to the race-course behind the dressing down sheds, Finch walking beside them, and in his eye was the same look of affection for the horse as in the boys.

Dancer, the lucky chestnut, had been first on the track the morning Finch, the veteran trainer, unhardened and warned to all the wrinkles, had wanted his charge working out fast. West figured he didn't want the opposition to see just what they were in for, and with his years in the racing game he ought to know what he was doing.

Dancer was groomed down and fed by West under Finch's careful supervision. In speculative silence, Finn

had watched West working on the colt with winning attention.

"You're in love with that colt, aren't you, son?" he said then.

"Of course, Mr. Finch," West returned enthusiastically. "Dancer swept me off my feet the day he made the Breckenridge Plate field look like a dry horse!" His eyes were bright as he worked away at the gleaming chestnut.

From above, Dancer whinnied as if to acknowledge the boy's compliment. A bay mare crossed Finch's face, and West held her head up against the horse's head. Dancer's eyes darted over Finch beneath the worm, heavily paler capped against them. Those eyes seemed to impart a kind of wistful affection, which stable boys and devil-in-the-week trainers understood.

West, throughout his years of apprenticeship, had worked patiently for the day when he would be good enough to get a race ride on a such colt like Dancer. That was what his father had hoped for, too, before he had the fatal race crash, leaving West alone in the world with no one but Sam Finch. His father always used to boast the lad would make a handsome jockey one day. West felt he was, in a way, carrying a torch for that father his father had predeceased.

As Finch's apprentice rider he was used to the hard work it demanded. He rather liked the constant stable duties—sweeping out, rubbing horses down, feeding, walking, polishing the harness on dem. for mornings, putting them to bed and for the most part, being with them.

Yet never for a moment did his suburban wife-on probation to end day be begged to as race colors on the back of a horse like Dancer with the chance to fulfill his father's hopes.

But he had made a start, even at

it was an enormous one. Finch had given him a few rides on prize-winner tracks. He had displayed unusual courage and horse-sense, even though the master Finch gave him always "wasn't ready" to win races.

Yes, West would be on looking after Dancer, putting him conditioned each Saturday for Finch's number one jockey, Johnny Ryan. Then one day he'd be a Johnny Ryan, living all those intoxicating thrills of thundering down the straight on a clean thoroughbred, beating ahead of the field, with Finch's colors billowing in the wind and his ears filled with the frenzied cheering in the packed stands.

"Anything about the colt you want me to tell Ryan, West?" asked Finch as he thorough way, forgetting nothing that might have a bearing on the afternoon's race.

"No, Mr. Finch . . . what must Dancer this afternoon?"

"We'll get horses at they please. Better get like I think they will. But all the Betsy field's gone too fast—Dancer's due, eh, kid?"

West nodded with enthusiasm. Then Finch said:

"I want you to get Hunter in this stall and transfer Dancer to the stall at the other end . . . and West, watch that horse, Hunter, I mean, he's a vicious dog of himself. That's why I want him shifted. He'll look his way out of the stall he's in now. This week's order."

After breakfast West made his way back to the stable entrance and returned. Briefly, the tiny, stocky stablehand who had been guarding Dancer.

Beside bed Dancer out of the stall and housed him in one of the far wing of the entrance, according to Finch's instructions. Then West went to collect Hunter, and led the giant

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stallion back to the stall Danzer had just vacated.

Handler was woken. An outdoor chaise longue he had used punctured and Finch a lot of folding money because he preferred to savage other horses and crash through the barrier strands rather than ride honestly. The newspapers labelled him an outlaw, the race punters called him a hardcase. Finch didn't really know what to do with him, though the race punters would have been pleased to give him a few suggestions.

The other stable boys were afraid of Handler, ever since he had looked out at young Sammonds and put him in hospital. But West could handle him. In fact, West liked Handler, mostly because of that horse's amazing resemblance to Danzer.

Handler had the same markings, a diamond-shaped smudge of white on his forehead and a white sock on his rear foreleg. Each time West looked at Handler he saw Danzer. But Handler was never, too clever for a ruse, and West knew better than to turn his back on him for too long or to take any chance with him.

As he walked the horse across the exercise yard, Handler snarled and swung around suddenly on his hind legs. When he came down he looked out at West with kind eyes. West danced back, then closed in slowly, shortening his eyes and moving the morning horse about slowly, talking all the time to pacify him, although he knew there was little chance of doing that.

Handler tried to kick his way out of Danzer's stall after West had looked him in there. After that, he stood quietly, his head overlapping the stall door. His eyes, fiery, swelling, malignant, followed West's every movement, and he was still trembling

with the red rage inherent in him.

It was an hour later that Sam Finch returned to the stable, the horn of his baby face drawn tighter than usual with stress. Preoccupation scoured down his face and neck. West, sitting against the door of Danzer's stall, watched him cross the exercise yard and noticed the urgency in his walk and the evident worry on his face.

"What's West?" he called, before even entering the stable. "Is there West?"

West answered, and for a moment Finch's anxiety slackened.

"Get over to the house and check your colours, and clean up those boots of yours, you're riding this afternoon," Finch barked out. His voice was urgent. The boy's nerves hardened in his face. As he rose from the stall his mouth hung open, his face incredulous. In his astonishment he could hardly speak.

"Yes, you mean," he murmured.

"You're going pilot Danzer in the Derby. Now do what I'm telling you."

"But Ryan? What about Ryan?" West blurted out.

"Ryan's sick. Clean up your gear and come to the house in the trailer. I'll see you there."

West made his way back to the wall where Handler was, his hands trying to single out something from a confused welter of thoughts. He kept telling himself that the whole situation was real, that it wasn't just a dream, he had dreamt so often before, that he really was going to pilot Danzer in the Derby in just a few hours' time.

Handler was keeping guard on the Derby side as West unhungaged crossed in Handler's new stable for his riding equipment, his two saddle and riding boots.

He sat against the stable door,

A genuine, scientific hormone tonic!



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age smouldered out before him, rubbing the polish vigorously into the high quality leather of his boots. Another hour above glaring down at him.

And still his thoughts whirled — thoughts about a policy's odds puffed out in the wind, his own odds to Denner's short nose and scowling crowds shouting advice he could not hear.

Suddenly the weak sun gleaming through the stable entrance was shut off. West looked up at a burly figure draped across the doorway, its gaunt, yellow face craned in a half-smile. He noticed the man's sharp-cut pre-adolescent cut and grubby moustache.

West felt uneasy. The smile shaped by the thick, nervous lips was sinister. But the deep voice was smooth and friendly enough to belie the stranger's appearance.

"My name's Latched, you West Boveri!" he began, rubbing the light over his back off his forehead. West nodded.

"How you're taking Denner in the Derby?"

"News travels fast," West countered, then, musingly, confidence.

"That Denner?" Latched asked, pointing to Boveri, who began to stamp and lunge against the walls of his stall, flustered at the appearance of a stranger. West nodded, complying with Fred's instructions to tell straight nothing.

"Yeah, that's Denner," he replied.

"Most pointers seem to think he's got the Derby all on his own."

"Could be."

"Listen, kid, I'll get down to business the fast way. I'll give you a crowd to pull this colt this afternoon." He spoke with a drawl full of conviction, his face impassive. The deep-set sockets were unmercifully penetrating. West started. He found himself trembling.

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the past shuffled before his eyes—a sort of cold marriage on the track, of sweat and grass and long hours. All for what? For a chance one day in a big race. And so they were it, that big chance. But a guy called Latchel had suddenly turned up from nowhere, to wreck all that. Suddenly there was a profit at both ends.

From the numerous whoopies inside his brain, West singled out one: Chuck the man, but, it said, after all, it's just another one in a lifetime, better to stay breathing and chuck it. Another said: Go out there and smash that Derby field. What about that herd you've kept burning for your old man?

And what if he did do just that, go right ahead and defy Latchel? West reflected again. What if he did stick hard to Finch and the thousands of punters who'd be betting on the champion? He shuddered and recalled Latchel's tangled threat.

He left Latchel alone then, and returned to the house to check his riding colours.

At the course, the starter waved through the lead speaker roared the starters and riders for the long Derby field. The din of punters and bookmakers becoming the odds filtered through the front of the standees. But West heard only one voice now. It said: Chuck the man, but, stay alive: Latchel means business.

He threw the saddle across Dancer's shiny back and strapped it tight underneath. Then he turned to Finch for his riding instructions. Finch began with the straps of his breeches looped around his neck.

"Keep her handy behind the lead-on, now, and don't cover any more ground. Make your run from the Leger, not a moment before."

But West's eyes were closed, and there was a hollow scratching of feet

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inside his stomach. He didn't hear Funch's instructions, only that sinister voice again pouring away at him from behind. Clutch the rope, kid, it said. Latchel's racing business!

Around a valley of dreams, West sprinted. Dancer dove to the barrier, close to the rails. When the starter pulled the field of thoroughbreds into line, he swung the flag straight ahead to face up squarely in the starting gates. He sat upright, his boots grapping the stirrups more hard, his whip clutched in his left hand with the reins.

When the starter pounced the starting button, sending the barrier streaks flying into the air, West fell across Dancer's neck, working whip, legs and arms in one synchronized movement. His waist jumped a length ahead. He viewed Dancer across to the rails laid in behind the big bay powerboat. The packed field thrashed past the winning post the first time round with a mile and a quarter of the journey to cover.

"The tactics of punishing horses was modified around the spring rail. West rode vigorously to keep his position on the rails. And then he saw it, among the swirl of hooves and dust a face, Latchel's face!

Momentarily he slowed riding and Dancer dropped back through the field. The crew staggered. There was Latchel's straining face, transparent against the hooves, taunting, remembering. Check it, he shouted, check it!

Then automatically Dancer was swept around the turn into the straight. The checker of eighty thousand throats blinked into one tumultuous valley. West looked up at the peak of brown sharp flanks before him.

Suddenly Funch's streamers flew behind the vision of Latchel before his scaring eyes. Now make your run now! Now! Funch shouted.

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hear them. He was slaving with boat and whip under a sealed compartment into which no one penetrated except Fitch's staid voice that kept repeating Now! Now! Now!

Rapidly Deanez was gathering them in, steering every mania. Four horses to pass New three, New two. New Sandy Bay. Level now! They horses scattered aside for side, jockey riding whose saddle

The post suddenly seemed to stop to him. It seemed to meet them. Wren's parted lips were drawn back across his face. Violently he jerked both arms up against Demore's head to stretch the neck out to the fullest. As the working post sped by, he could feel the other hawser's lathered body crushing against his back.

They walked the wounded General back to his stable after the presentation. Fitz was gone.

"You've ridden a Derby winner, Earl, by a name. Please down it."

What couldn't's narrow. He was
tall-faced, sick, his narrow angled
like high tension wire. Frank
brought his clumsy hand across

Went's back in friendly appreciation.
"You rode past him your old dog
then, was it?"

Home again, Wend went to Hunter's stable. It was as he was driving the cross latch back to jerk the doors open that he saw it. The horse he had received inside him since winning the Derby exploded. He cried out:

Mouth gaping he slumped down and
sustained grief. It was splattered
there with blood. He suffered.

His eyes travelled further along the band of light, to the hedonous black and cream of pinstriped suit, to the red line wreathed out of its natural profile and with a yawning gash in its temple. Ratlow stood back against the stable wall, eye-looking and murmuring.

It was Litchfield Lufkin now spread beneath the pillow he had believed was Dorcas. The coils had another marking. West's face turned at the detection. Every inch of his body seemed to be aching.

Keywords: social support; coping strategies; self-esteem

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Talking Points

SHE-WOLF . . .

History teems with passionate, prodigious women, but few of them can match the Amazon Monkshee, whose story Damon Mills vividly narrates in "Witchdoctor Woman in Rome," on page 4. Married to the middle-aged, lecherous Roman Emperor Claudius at 18, her military ascendancy eventually turned that get-buffed monster against her.

BODY SNATCHING . . .

In the bad old days before the passage of the Australian Act of 1923, the smuggling of bodies to medical schools for dissection practice was a lucrative racket. Body snatchers started excavating to dig up and steal recently-interred corpses from their graves. Relatives and friends took to guarding graves in order to keep up their profits, the body snatchers often resorted to murder. Their victims were poor workmen whom they enticed into taking lodging houses and had knock-out drops. As soon as they were helpless, they were quickly strangled and their bodies rushed off to the clinics, who conscientiously asked no questions. On page 1, John Adam gives you details of this awesome raking.

BOLLER CEMENTS . . .

In "When the Gull Told 'Em" (page 50), well-known sports expert Sydney George Hart introduces you to the latest American phenomenon, the

delicious Roller Derby. Syd tells us they are now as popular that the few people who have not succumbed by becoming wild fans may be "brought to the native realms before they were introduced to beach, drag, dance and other refinements of the white man's civilization."

NEST MONTH . . .

We think CAVALCADE next month is something really out of the box, and you'll probably agree after getting a head of this line-up. In "All in My House in Years," long-time Cambridge favorite Lester Wray has come up with a study of a contemporary of the strange custom among certain native people of offering guests, as a final token of hospitality, the choice of a wife, sister or daughter as sleeping companion for the evening. "The Wood Wood Man," by James Halliday, gives you the low-down on "Maddy" Brownman, who hit the headlines in the U.S.A. in the 1930s for strange success adventures and unconventional women.

The fiction, too, is something to talk about. Darcy Miland is represented by a typical, tough, punchy ladies episode from the wild New Zealand gunfields in the Depression in "The Quarry in the Tree Top." Another well-known Australian short-story writer in Owen Casey tops off the serving with "The Twisting Tree."

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